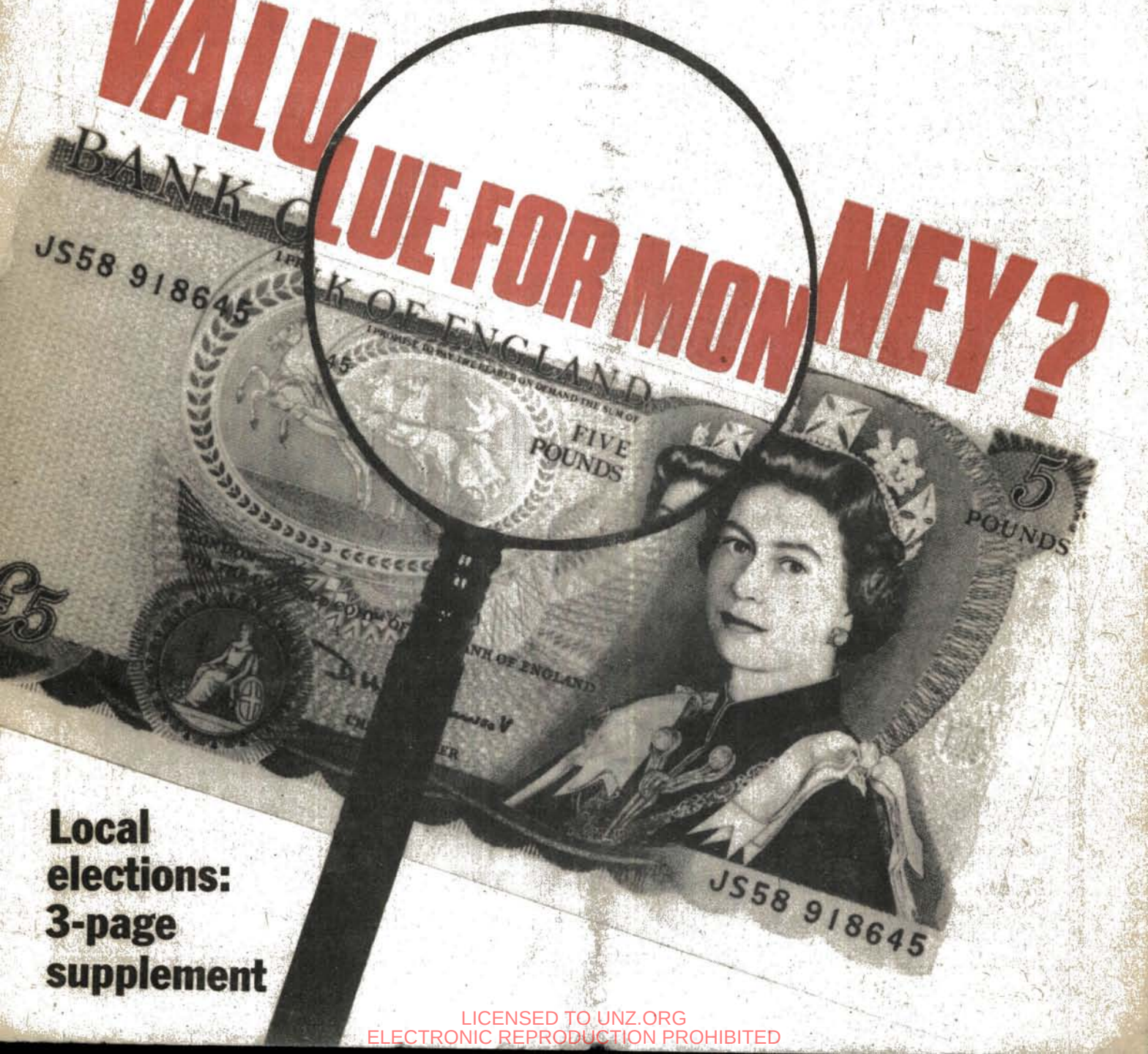
29 April 1983 65p IR£1.00 US$1.50 By Air

New Statesman

The Great Tory Rates Swindle

VALUE FOR MONEY?



Local elections: 3-page supplement

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

New Statesman

New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001
Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London EC1
©1983 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Subscriptions: Lesley Bridgmount, Cecilia Papadopoulos
Circulation: Liz Cooper, Tim Freeman
Display advertisements: Michael Roberts 01-253 2001
Classified advertisements: Laura Berryman, Stephen Mitchell 01-251 5487

Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £29, Overseas £32
Air mail:
Europe £36, Middle East £39, Africa, India, South America £40, Australasia, Far East £45, USA $79, Canada $92

Unsolicited manuscripts will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

Cover montage: Peter Kennard

The Tory rates swindle
Local elections take place next week. John Rentoul probes a 'model' Tory council while Francis Wheen introduces a special three-page briefing on local government p.8;pp.19-21

Martin Rowson
continues his monthly series on the lives of the great socialists p.14

Hitler's diaries
Bernard Crick castigates Lord Dacre p.12

Libyan oil slickers
Alan George exposes Reagan's phoney embargo p.22

Standing out in storms
Craig Raine on Henri Rousseau p.26

Pootering for Persia
Francis Wheen on the memoirs of Parviz Radji p.27

News: US private health joins the NHS; British Telecom goes for the hard sell; animal protesters arrested; how TV-am changed its spots; Glasgow council tenants under 24-hour guard; lead-free timetable; railway vote pp.4-6
Peter Kellner: Sing a song of Tebbit p.7
Ros Franey: Housing benefit p.10
This England p.13
Andrew Wilson: Alternative defence p.14
Letters pp.16-17
Diary: Christopher Price p.18
Roger Woddis p.18
Julie Flint: Beirut p.23
Andrew Csepel: Austria p.24
Richard Burns: Germany p.24
Bretécher p.25
Richard Deveson: Fiction p.28
Shorter Reviews p.29
Michael Hoffmann: Poems p.30
David Montrose: Siegfried Sassoon p.31
John Spurling: Art p.32
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre p.33
Charles Fox: Jazz p.34
John Coleman: Films p.34
Hugo Williams: Television p.35
Weekend competition p.35
Jeremy Lewis: First person p.36
Crossword p.37
Listings p.39

'VICTORIAN ~VALUES~'

HISTORIANS TAKE ISSUE WITH MRS THATCHER

INTRODUCTION: Self-help, Servitude and Segregation
GARETH STEDMAN JONES: Poor Law and Philanthropy
LEONORE DAVIDOFF & CATHERINE HALL: Patriarchy and the Family
MICHAEL IGNATIEFF: The Victorian Penitentiary
RAPHAEL SAMUEL: Victorian Racism

Chair: Beatrix Campbell

The Cambridge Mummers in scenes from late Victorian London

Sun., 22 May, 11.30am-6.30pm, Ruskin College, Walton St., Oxford

Tickets £2 from: History Workshop, Ruskin College, Oxford

Meeting jointly sponsored by History Workshop & New Statesman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman Vol 105 No 2719 29 April 1983

Heseltine's dirty tricks

EVER SINCE the peace movement began to attract mass support, Tory activists – particularly candidates in marginal constituencies – have been pleading with their Central Office for evidence that CND receives money or other forms of support from Moscow. At a meeting of the British Atlantic Committee, held to discuss the party's nuclear defence strategy during last October's Conservative Party Conference, one issue was dominant: how could the peace movement be shown to be serving Moscow's aims?

The list which Michael Heseltine pulled out of his hat last week, giving the political affiliations of some leading members of CND, is the government's answer. It is a politically disgraceful document. Its crude argument is that the case being put forward against the arms race in general and the deployment of cruise missiles in particular should be ignored because some members of CND's National Council are, or have at one time been, members of the Communist Party. In fact, if the letter and the list prove anything it is the failure of the government to produce moral, political or military answers to the questions being put by the millions of people in this country who are terrified by the insanity of the nuclear arms race.

For Mr Heseltine has simply retreated into the tactics of the smear. He did not give even a complete list of the CND National Council. He just chose four officers and ten council members. (To have included the others would presumably have given the unhelpful impression that the CND leadership was politically quite balanced.) He lists seven as being in some way active in the Labour Party. Since when has being in the Labour Party been grounds for inclusion on political hit lists? Since large sections of the Left are in favour of unilateral nuclear disarmament (and large sections of the Right are not) it would be astonishing if CND's active leadership did not contain a large element of Labour activists. Since it is a single issue movement whose cause is vigorously opposed by this Tory government, it would be equally surprising if it did not concentrate on Tory marginal constituencies.

The Defence Secretary also lists five people as being past or present members of the Communist Party. Three of them ceased to be members of the Party a quarter of a century or more ago. A quarter of a century ago or more Mr Heseltine himself was a youthful and active campaigner for banning the bomb; and Mrs Thatcher's adviser, Mr Alfred Sherman, was a card carrying communist. The question, though, is what any of this has got to do with the balance of the argument about the arms race in 1983. The answer is that it is nothing more than an attempt to smear by past association. As such it marks a new low point in Mr Heseltine's political career. It is essential that CND should not be rattled by it. As the 1950s showed, the attempt to spot 'Bolsheviks' achieved only the demoralisation of the political movements involved.

IN SOME WAYS the capacity of the peace movement to absorb such smears is greater than in the 1950s. Opposition to the obscene level of government spending on nuclear weapons is now also coming from the women's movement, based on arguments and beliefs unaffected by the traditional politics of Left and Right. Also, today's Communist Party in Britain (as well as being much smaller) is now divided between those who continue to defend the foreign and domestic policies of the Soviet Union come what may and those who are a great deal more critical of the Soviet Union than the average person in the street. Ironically, of those on the Heseltine list some past members had been expelled from the Party and some present members had been attacked by the 'Stalinists' for their 'disloyal' criticism of the Soviet Union.

One sorry element, though, has not yet changed – the Labour Party's silent reluctance to take any public stand of principle against the growing McCarthyism of the present government. However much the Labour Party is against actions like the invasion of Afghanistan abroad or the maltreatment of Jews at home, the party must make it clear that unlike the present government it does not agree with President Reagan regarding the Soviet Union as the embodiment of evil, and its citizens as an 'enemy people' whose potential annihilation should be the basis of our defence policy. □

An uncertain victory

IT IS NOT normally polite or wise to look a gift horse in the mouth and most journalists, no doubt, are well pleased by the concessions that have been extracted on their behalf from the Home Office by the National Union of Journalists in respect of clauses 9 and 10 of the present Police and Criminal Evidence Bill. The government – in the person of Mr Patrick Mayhew – was so keen to get journalists off its back that it offered seven concessions of a substantial kind, rather more perhaps than even our professional negotiators had expected. Before the police can lay their hands on evidence that is in the hands of journalists they will have to go through a procedure involving a High Court judge, who will have to satisfy himself that the public interest requires such an action.

In our view, however, it is extremely dangerous both to journalists as individuals and for the 'freedom of the press' as a whole for journalists to be put into a separate legal position. Of course journalists should protect their sources. But they have in general managed to do so without much difficulty in the past. If from time to time this has involved an individual running the risk of being found in contempt of court, that seems a reasonable price to pay for integrity and freedom. The danger of the present compromise lies in the fact that special rights almost inevitably in time become linked with special duties. What has just been agreed with Mr Mayhew could well be the beginning of a process of legally enmeshing journalists into a web of privileges and obligations sanctioned by law. The better guarantee of a free press remains free journalists. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Caring for the man at the top

AMERICAN owned private psychiatric hospitals are moving fast in establishing formal tie-ups with the National Health Service as part of the Tories' policy of 'developing partnership in care' (*New Statesman* 25 March).

The Priory, Roehampton and Charter Clinics in Hampstead and Chelsea are strengthening links with various London NHS training hospitals through combined training schemes for medical staff. Senior medical staff in the Institute of Psychiatry and leading psychiatric hospitals are also concerned that Charter Medical are using research registrars from Guy's hospital to provide emergency cover at nights and weekends. They fear that a two-tier system, similar to that entrenched in education, will soon be established in health care. But the gap in health care provision is widening as NHS trained and employed medical staff are attracted to the more select environs of private hospitals, depriving public care of the scarce time and lobbying power of the influential medical profession.

The Priory, a newcomer to the field of British psychiatry, is trying to consolidate its strong financial position with academic respectability. It also needs to attract junior doctors to staff the hospital and recent proposals to set up combined training schemes with NHS hospitals will fulfil both these aims. However, the junior doctors at the Maudsley hospital, the NHS showpiece of psychiatric medicine which the Priory approached first, have turned down the proposal in a referendum.

Now the Priory is holding discussions with the Charing Cross and St George's hospitals, for NHS junior doctors to spend part of their three year training at the private hospital. Normally such training schemes lead to membership of the Royal College of Psychiatrists. At present, the Priory is not fully accredited by the RCP, but participation in prestigious NHS schemes could give it the academic recognition it needs.

In fact, the Priory has already formed strong links with the Royal College of Psychiatrists who held their autumn seminar there last year. The main attraction of the seminar was Sir Desmond Pond, Chief Scientist to the DHSS and former president of the RCP, talking on 'Who cares for the man at the top?' Another leading academic in the field who spoke that day was Dr Robin Murray, Dean of the Institute of Psychiatry.

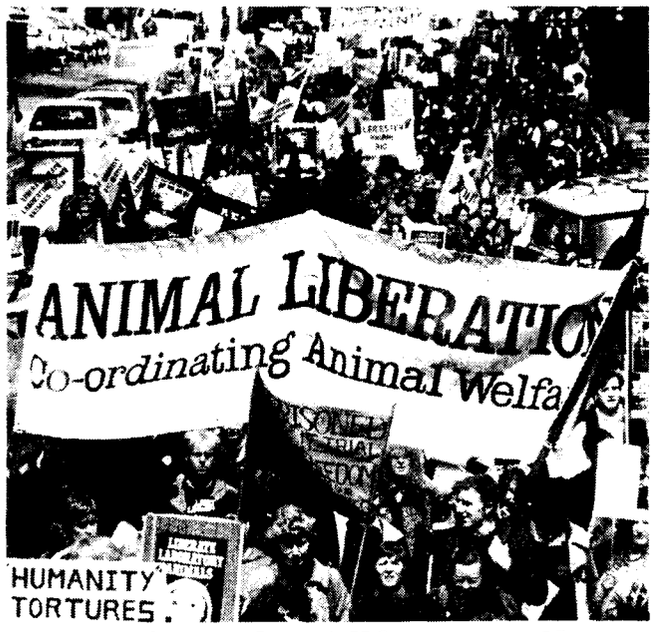
The Institute of Psychiatry, a postgraduate research and training centre for London University, funded by the University Grants Committee, has also been approached by the Priory. Academics at the Institute were surprised to learn of discussions between Dr Murray and Dr Desmond Kelly, the Director of the Priory, which they had never been consulted on.

The Priory had proposed to pay the Institute £10,000 a year for every junior doctor it seconded to the Institute as a clinical assistant. Dr Kelly confirmed that 'negotiations are under way to establish formal links with one or more academic departments of psychiatry.' Dr Peter Noble, Chairman of the Medical Executive Committee at the Maudsley, who also treats private patients at the Priory, fully approves of the proposals. 'Liaison has to be established between an expanding private sector and recognised centres for professional training. I use the Priory as part of my private practice. It's a very good mental hospital.'

Charter Clinics, one of America's largest operators of psychiatric hospitals, who have recently made their mark on the British market with their drug and alcohol rehabilitation centres, are optimistic that they can formalise their unofficial links with Guy's. Charter use research registrars from Guy's to provide emergency cover at nights and weekends. Tory cuts in grants for research students mean that the registrars, who are qualified NHS psychiatrists, have to find ways to supplement their diminishing income from grants and trusts. Junior doctors from Guy's are also already visiting Charter clinics on an informal basis. Mr Peter Marno, of Charter, said: 'It's part of their education. We would like it to take more importance in the future.'

Charter are currently working with another NHS hospital, Bexley, to develop a joint training scheme for nurses, involving both practical and classroom work. Mr Marno was confident of success.

Justine Picardie and Dorothy Wade



Andrew Ward/Report

March for animal life on earth

With its 6,000 demonstrators and 28 arrests last Sunday the movement for animal rights has now established its place in Britain's protest politics. The target of the demonstrators was the Carshalton laboratory of the British Industrial Biological Research Association which is regarded as using animals to test inessential products for purely commercial reasons. Political links have been made between animal testing and warfare – hence the establishment of a women's peace camp six weeks ago outside the MoD's Porton Down research centre into chemical and biological weapons. There, methods of killing people with chemicals and nerve gas are first tested on animals. The protesters fear that if the anti-nuclear movement wins some concession from the government, more scientists and public money will simply be channeled into developing chemical methods of killing people.

Don't phone us, we'll phone you

IN ITS efforts to compete in the commercial world, British Telecom has branched into the seemingly lucrative area of telephone marketing but has drawn closer to the murky world of hard selling than it may care to admit.

Robert Leiderman, a former actor who has worked in telemarketing for 14 years, is to head the new venture, called Telecom Telemarketing. He will provide a telephone sales force for any company that hires the service. Telecom Telemarketing is part of British Telecom Enterprises, one of the company divisions formed to combat the threat of competition from the private sector following liberalisation of the industry.

For three years Leiderman was managing director of Donnelley Telemarketing, during which time he fired a woman called Elisabeth Gluck for setting up her own company, Programmes, while still employed by him. Now Programmes is the biggest telephone marketing company in Britain employing 120 people thanks to the sales methods learnt from Leiderman and to Exegesis, the psychological cult that Gluck and her sales team belong to.

Leiderman said that Gluck's company succeeded because she and the friends who helped her set it up were all Exegesis graduates who were working for the cause rather than for money. Although Leiderman said he hadn't been through Exegesis himself, he admitted that two of the twelve people now employed by Telecom Telemarketing had done so.

Like Programmes, Telecom Telemarketing will rely heavily on a carefully structured script, written in 'a conversational tone' which its telephone sellers or 'communicators' will read in order to get through to the decision maker and sell the products. The script prepares the seller for any objections or questions that may be raised by the person at the other end of the phone and a supervisor monitors all the communicators' conversations. 'You have to treat the phone call as a personal meeting', said Leiderman.

BT takes a very scrupulous attitude to its new venture. A spokesman said: "We're not going to be in the high pressure sales business associated with insurance and double glazing. We won't be doing direct cold selling to names out of phone books. We've no intention of upsetting clients or the people we phone.'

Leiderman himself, prepared for any criticism, said that he welcomes the Office of Fair Trading's new guidelines for telephone selling and will be conducting his business 'to the highest possible standards.'

Caroline Berman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Award for Duncan Campbell

The Periodical Publishers' Association award for the 1982 Specialist Writer of the year has been won by Duncan Campbell. His articles were judged 'highly informative and readable in the sense they set out neatly the organisation and structure of our intelligence services – both professional and political – and its weaknesses. Secrecy is the last thing now ensured as illustrated by his coverage of the Cheltenham GCHQ affair.' Campbell's range of interest and knowledge were adjudged to have been major contributions to the New Statesman's **coverage.** ■

Three reasons for TV-am's franchise

LAST FRIDAY the Independent Broadcasting Authority (IBA) issued a carefully-worded press release about TV-am, giving details of two new measures – the deferral of the monthly rental, and an extra 15 minutes' air-time – designated to assist the company in surmounting its present difficulties.

The statement side-stepped all questions of whether or not the company was entitled to be still operating the breakfast television franchise, even though it is clear that TV-am is no longer identifiable as the company which was originally awarded the contract in December 1980.

On *The World This Weekend* (BBC Radio 4, 17 April), Lord Thomson, IBA chairman, gave three reasons why TV-am had been selected from eight competing consortia. These were:

'Attractive and prominent presenters': the team assembled for the franchise battle was not the Famous Five but the Scintillating Six – David Frost, Robert Kee and Michael Parkinson, who remain; and Angela Rippon, Anna Ford and Esther Rantzen, who have all departed. Rantzen, with either prescience or good fortune, pulled out in 1981. Ford and Rippon were sacked last week, apparently for talking to the press. (NUJ members are not usually contractually prohibited from discussing their circumstances with fellow NUJ members.) Of the three who survive, Frost no longer presents the programme and Kee has been little in evidence.

'Some very good behind-the-scenes production and editorial people': prominent among these was Nick Elliott, programme editor, who joined London Weekend Television (LWT) in 1981. His defection was described by one of the TV-am consortium as 'an extremely important loss'. Michael Deakin, the original programme controller, has only been kept on because Thomson is quoting him as evidence that the franchise winning consortium is still in existence.

'Good financial backing': presumably the best kind of financial backing is that which sustains a company through periods of uncertainty. TV-am's backers have reacted to difficulties first of all by doing nothing and then late in the day by precipitately removing chairman and chief executive Peter Jay, who had provided the company's intellectual and ideological raison d'etre. Some have now written off their shares as worthless. Now the banks have ▶

MISCELLANY

Mussolini . . .

Be not afeard, the isle is full of noises; and the noises in question are the echoes of dud 'scoops' from the past. How fitting, for example, that it should have been the *Sunday Times* which was going to serialise Those Diaries. In 1967 the same paper paid thousands of pounds for some other sensational memoirs – the wartime diaries of Mussolini. They then turned out to be fakes. The official history of the *Sunday Times* makes a brief reference to the affair: 'The matter must rank among the great publishing disasters of history . . . Yet the early evidence the vendors presented justified the gamble, and if the risks of chasing world scoops occasionally result in fiascos like the affair of the Mussolini diaries, the fiascos have been more than outweighed by the successes.' The same justification may soon have to be wheeled out again.

. . . Bormann . . .

How fitting, too, that the *Daily Mail* and the *Mail on Sunday* should claim that they had been offered the diaries as well. The editor of the *Mail on Sunday* is one Stewart Steven, who is something of an expert in this field. Ten years ago, he revealed in the *Daily Express* that he had 'found' Martin Bormann alive and well in South America; the man he exposed as Bormann later transpired to be a perfectly innocent Latin American. Undaunted, Stewart Steven went on to the *Daily Mail*, where he was the *Mail* executive who masterminded the exposé of the 'Leyland slush fund' letter – which then turned out to be a forgery. Copious apologies had to be made, and large damages paid to the maligned Lord Ryder. What a pity that he failed to make his hat-trick.

. . . and Adolf

Journalists on *The Times* and *Sunday Times*, incidentally, are baffled by their company's statement on Monday evening that 'the arrangement has *always* been for publication to start in *The Sunday Times* three weeks after *Stern* to allow further work on authentication' (emphasis added). In fact Murdoch's men ignored staff warnings

last week of a repeat of the Mussolini fiasco. And the *Sunday Times* reported confidently that Hitler's diaries '*have been* submitted to the most rigorous tests to establish their authenticity', and gave no indication that 'further work on authentication' was either needed or planned. Moreover the *Sunday Times* also announced 'a special pull-out section of the Magazine' for the Sunday after next to 'set the scene for this major publishing event'. Given the timescale and costs of magazine production, it is implausible that the paper would have given this commitment had it any reason to suspect forgery. Now the row has blown up in the paper's face, the Insight team has been despatched to 'discover the truth'. The last time Insight explored the detritus of a *Sunday Times* disaster, it was to establish whether the paper's murdered Middle East specialist, David Holden, was a spy, and if so, who for. Insight's findings were never published. Let's hope the paper is more candid this time.

Men only

For some years the Ministry of Defence has had a policy known as KAPE (Keeping the Army in the Public Eye). In pursuit of this, Captain K. E. Beale, an Army Schools Liaison Officer, has recently been writing to headteachers inviting them to bring their pupils to the Army Exhibition for Schools at Bassingbourn Barracks, Hertfordshire: 'Your pupils will be able to take part in shooting, radio work, obstacle courses, sports, gymnasium and many other activities.' Delightful. But he then continues: 'You are requested to restrict the number of girls attending to 15 per cent of your party.' Tut! The schoolgirls of today will be the Greenham women of tomorrow unless the MoD pulls its socks up and takes its indoctrination duties seriously.

Beyond our Les

And the meek shall inherit Birmingham Erdington . . . Les Huckfield was defeated last weekend in his attempt to represent Wigan at the next General Election. He had sought the candidacy there because, under the boundary changes, his present seat (Nuneaton) loses a number of Labour wards. Now Les is reported to be after Erdington. According to the BBC/ITN calculations done on the new boundaries, he would have to overturn a notional Tory majority of 1,419 to win the seat. He should have stayed loyal to Nuneaton: there, the broadcasters calculate, Labour would still have a majority of 1,396, despite the boundary changes.

How not to be top

It isn't just the civil service where our Prime Minister is intervening to make sure that those promoted share her views. Now it's the armed forces as well. A story reaches us concerning Ian Gow MP, Mrs Thatcher's faithful bag man, and Admiral Sir James Eberle. Last autumn the Navy was trying to decide who should be its next First Sea Lord. Front runner and the Navy's choice was Jim Eberle, because he was by far the most intelligent of the current crop of admirals. As Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth he had played a critical role in getting the Falkland task force to sea at no notice – despite the fact that many of the dockyard workers had John Nott's redundancy notices in their pockets at the time. So a little dinner was arranged by Gow, to vet Eberle on his mistress's behalf. 'What, Admiral,' Gow asked 'is your view of Trident?'. The admiral told him. His view is that Trident is a grotesque waste of money and a gross misallocation of resources in view of the tasks which the Royal Navy is supposed to perform. The dinner came to a quick and chilly ending. Gow reported back. The Admiral has since retired from the Royal Navy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

threatened to invoke the small print and revoke overdraft facilities.

Therefore none of those reasons continues to apply. There is already more than adequate justification for the IBA to revoke TV-am's contract and re-advertise the franchise.

However, many of those in commercial television cite the example of LWT, which encountered similar problems after going on the air in July 1968. Its fortunes were turned round in 1970 (with a former editor of the *New Statesman* as chairman, as it happens), so that today it is responsible for such reputable programmes as *Weekend World* and the *South Bank Show*.

This suggests that the IBA is correct in allowing TV-am time to overcome adversity. It should be remembered, though, that LWT recovered by adhering closely to the terms of its original brief from the IBA. If TV-am fails to pursue its intended course as a news and current affairs station, then the IBA will be failing in its own obligations if it remains inactive.

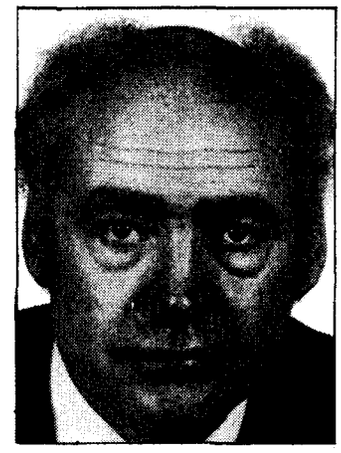
Bob Woffinden

All change in the NUR

A POLITICAL power struggle has been going on in the National Union of Railwaymen for the posts of president and assistant general secretary.

The two leading candidates in the presidential race are Bill Fordham, a guard from March, and Bob Kettle, a tube driver from London Transport's Neasden depot. Details of the branch nominations are confidential. Fordham has 110 and Kettle 77. (The other three candidates – George Wakenshaw, Charlie Devine and George Sharratt – have 72, 42 and 6 nominations respectively.) Fordham is being supported by remnants of the Weighell faction, Kettle by the supporters of new general secretary Jimmy Knapp.

The election will take place at the annual conference this summer. Although the delegates are mandated by their branches the NUR is notorious for what is sardonically known in the union as 'flexible mandating'.



Knapp: failed his test

Although NUR presidents normally serve for three years, Fordham will be 65 at the end of one year. If he is elected he will soon have to retire, thus causing another election.

The two leading contenders for the assistant general secretaryship are expected to be Brian Arundel and Vernon Hince. Both have stood before. Arundel was supported by the then general secretary Sid Weighell, although he has since tried to distance himself from the Weighell faction. Candidates have to pass an examination to run in the election. Arundel had already passed his test. For Hince and another candidate the test was unusually hard, and both candidates failed. That other candidate was Jimmy Knapp, now general secretary. In the event Arundel lost the election.

Mick Hamer

Glasgow tenants given round-the-clock guard

A GROUP of tenants from part of Glasgow's vast Castlemilk housing estate are camping outside the local housing office in an effort to get rehoused after an alleged firebomb attack on their homes.

The tenants' action is just one part of a bizarre and disturbing drama involving a series of sit-ins, 48 arrests, a plethora of legal actions and the official suggestion that the tenants should live under 24-hour guard.

Over three weeks ago, a fire swept through part of a tenement in the Scarrell/Tormusk area of Castlemilk – one of the most difficult-to-let areas in Glasgow.

The tenants believe that the fire was started deliberately and are frightened of returning. Locals point out that the three families affected by the fire, being relative newcomers to the area and being nearly all women, are particularly vulnerable to this kind of attack.

For a few days the families stayed with friends or in temporary accommodation reluctantly provided by the district council. On three occasions, along with local sympathisers, they occupied the local housing office in Dougrie Drive and refused to leave at the end of the day.

The police were called and on each occasion those involved were differently charged – firstly for trespass under the 1865 Trespass (Scotland) Act, secondly for obstructing a council official in the course of his duty and thirdly for breach of the peace.

Those charged with breach of the peace were due to appear in court but this was cancelled as the procurator fiscal (Scotland's public prosecutor) said he was still considering the cases.

When the district council finally withdrew the use of temporary accommodation two weeks ago, the tenants and their supporters set up five tents and a caravan immediately outside the housing office in Dougrie Drive.

They have now asked the local legal centre to begin proceedings in an attempt to force the council to rehouse them in another part of Castlemilk.

The district council do not want to rehouse the families as they believe it would create an unwelcome precedent leading to a flood of applications for transfers.

The council argue that the flats are habitable and point out that the fire department found no evidence that the recent fire was deliberately started. They also have the support of the local tenants' association.

In attempting to persuade the tenants to return to their homes, Glasgow's housing director Paul Mugnaioni offered them an indefinite 24-hour guard.

A private security firm is currently guarding the empty tenement in Scarrell-Tormusk, using three guards during the day and six at night. As one of the tenants' supporters Pat Seery put it: 'Fortress Falklands comes to Castlemilk'.

Rob Edwards

Alternative products for Octel?

THE LEAD in petrol controversy has now changed from if to when. And so far all the estimates for starting down the lead-free path have been overgenerous to the oil and motor industries. The switch could begin as early at 1986 – and 1987 at the latest. Four years is the time being taken from decision to implementation by those countries already going lead-free – USA, Japan and Australia. Some lead-free fuel has already been marketed in the UK and the motor industry reckons new 'lead-free' cars could be produced in 3 to 5 years.

Last week's Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution report on lead gave a date for all new cars to be running on lead-free petrol by 1990 at the latest – indicating 1988 as a 'reasonable' period for the introduction of unleaded petrol and cars with suitably redesigned engines. CLEAR called for a 1987 starting date and now the government has suggested the same deadline to the EEC.

In the USA, the 1970 Clean Air Act called for the phasing in of lead-free fuel by 1974. It was at the pumps in July 1974 with all new cars running on lead-free from 1975. Although the phasing out timetable envisaged that leaded fuel would still take up about a fifth of the market by 1990, the Environmental Protection Agency is now considering a complete ban on lead.

Japan decided to go lead-free in the second half of 1971 and implementation began at the end of 1975. Leaded fuel now accounts for only 5 per cent of market share. Following pressure from New South Wales, all Australian states agreed in 1981 to start the switch to lead-free from July 1985 with all new cars being made for unleaded petrol from January 1986. But scientific opinion there is divided. Some sources claim the switch can start this year.

Both Sweden and Switzerland have moved to the low-lead alternative of 0.15g/l faster than the UK's current 4-year deadline for going from 0.4 to 0.15 by the end of 1985. Sweden achieved it in one year. Tests by Friends of the Earth have revealed that some UK petrol is already being sold with a lead content down to 0.2. Despite the lead ban decision, the anti-lead group CLEAR stays in business. Its main objectives now are to ensure the government keeps to its 1987 timetable; to focus on lead pollution from paint and water; and to stop the lucrative export trade in lead additives by the UK firm Associated Octel.

Following the collapse of the American lead additives industry after the US move to lead free fuel, Octel is now the world's main producer. It brings in £200 million a year. Eighty per cent of the Octel product goes abroad, of which almost half goes to EEC countries. Octel is owned by five oil companies. BP and Shell jointly own 75 per cent with Texaco, Chevron and Mobil controlling the rest of the shares.

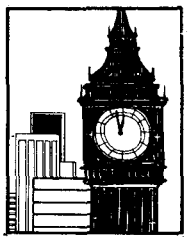
Octel officials admit to having been 'caught with our pants down' by the government's lightning response to the Royal Commission's report. No firm decision has yet been made on the company's future – or that of its 2,700 workers. Officials talk only of possible diversification into other transport lubricants.

The company was already anticipating a 12 per cent annual drop in consumption from 1986 with the reduction of lead in petrol to 0.15g/l. Going lead-free will mean a further 8 per cent drop each year over 10 to 15 years as leaded petrol is phased out. An EEC-wide ban will accelerate Octel's decline.

Octel has won two Queen's Awards for Exports – in 1979 and 1981. With the government's acceptance that it is shipping a dangerous pollutant to other nations, Octel is unlikely to win a third.

Rick Rogers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Variations on a theme by Norman Tebbit

CONSIDER the following:

> *At present few* Conservative Party members *can be confident that their* Party's *electoral arrangements are such that those who take decisions at the highest levels are properly representative of, and accountable to, the membership as a whole.*

Most of those words – the ones in italics – carry the imprimatur of Norman Tebbit, the Employment Secretary. The rest have been inserted by a group of Tebbit's opponents inside the Conservative Party. Since this is a merry tale of conflict among Tories, and since we journalists cannot find any juicy stories these days of splits inside our own dear Labour Party, let us begin somewhere near the beginning.

In the good old days, the Conservative Party made no attempt to pretend that it was democratic. It thus avoided all those modern irritations – rules, elections, debate, accountability. Its leaders 'emerged' by an ill-defined process of consultation about which little was known except that geriatric peers counted for more than young MPs. Tory leaders, having emerged, had complete control over the party's national bureaucracy – Conservative Central Office. Local constituency parties possessed complete autonomy. Their shared, but unstated purpose was to sustain the party leadership; but, formally, the local membership had no obligations towards the leader or Central Office; and the leader and Central Office had no obligations towards the local membership.

This system was, of course, anachronistic and undemocratic. But it undeniably contained a powerful internal logic for a party of the ruling class that sought to preserve the status quo. It preached deference, and practiced what it preached.

Twenty years ago this month the Tory Party started to lose its nerve. The war minister was accused of sharing a prostitute with the Russian naval attaché. The minister denied the charge, then later admitted having lied. Before the party had time to recover its composure, Harold Macmillan resigned as Prime Minister and the fourteenth Earl of Home 'emerged' to succeed him. Enfeebled by the events of 1963, the Tory Party had no strength to resist demands for a change in the method of choosing its leader. When Home in turn resigned, the party held its first proper leadership election.

At the time, the method by which Edward Heath was elected as party leader was widely hailed by the Tories as a major step forward into the 20th century. The trouble was that the rest of the party's structure remained wedded to the 19th century. Before the 1965 leadership election, the party could at least claim that its 'constitution' (using that word in its very loosest sense) was internally consistent and in harmony with its general purpose of giving free rein to the leadership to knock hell out of the working class.

After 1965, no such claim could be made. Instead of locating itself consistently in the past, it found itself saddled with some appendages from the present. Previously, the party had been a hansom cab: elegantly out-of-date. Now it became a hansom cab with an internal combustion engine – neither practical nor attractive.

GIVEN ITS predicament, two rational options were open to the party. So far it has chosen neither.

The first option was to admit that the whole idea of throwing the business of choosing a leader over to a one-MP-one-vote election was a ghastly mistake. But somehow nobody of any significance could be found to proclaim 'Power to the peers', or 'We have seen the past and it works'.

That left the second option: acknowledging that democracy had crept into the Conservative Party and that the best thing would be to come to terms with it. At the party's 1968 conference, a group of Greater London Young Conservatives issued a daily broadsheet, *Democratory*, advocating greater party democracy. Their views went unheeded.

In 1969, the same Young Conservatives published a pamphlet, *Set the Party Free*, with a foreword by Iain Macleod. The pamphlet argued that the party's organisation

> has existed with remarkably little change since 1867 . . . (It is) reactionary and out of touch . . . The Conservative Party appears to be organised and controlled by a tiny group of people with the object of maintaining that same tiny group in power.

In his foreword, Macleod was careful not to endorse all the pamphlet's recommendations, which included the election of the party's national officers and one-member-one-vote elections at constituency level for parliamentary candidates. Yet Macleod stated that he was 'in complete agreement' with the pamphlet's 'fundamental concept'.

Now, anyone who follows the fortunes of the Conservative Party, with whatever level of enthusiasm or distaste, will scarcely expect a single pamphlet by the Greater London Young Conservatives to overturn the habits of a century. It was more reasonable to expect some gradual evolution towards a more democratic Tory party. Yet, after fourteen years and the traumas and ideological upheavals of the Heath and Thatcher period, barely anything has changed. Central Office is still the leader's private fiefdom; the party chairman remains the leader's personal nominee; constituency parties remain largely autonomous and free to go their own way.

This curious state of affairs has one even more curious consequence. It saves the Tories money. Two years ago, the Inland Revenue tried to extract corporation tax from the party, on the grounds that it constituted an 'unincorporated association'. The Court of Appeal ruled that, to be liable, the party had to consist of 'two or more persons bound together for one or more common purposes . . . each having mutual duties and obligations, in an organisation which had rules which identified in whom control of it and its funds were vested and on what terms . . .' The Tories argued that no such 'mutual duties and obligations' or 'rules' existed. The court agreed.

Now, however, a new group of Tory dissidents, the 'Set the Party Free Charter Movement', is seeking to establish just such rules, obligations and duties. It recently published what might best be described as an anti-green paper, based on Norman Tebbit's real green paper, *Democracy in Trade Unions*. The charter movement's counterblast is called *Democracy in Political Parties* and consists of 22 paragraphs either summarised or quoted verbatim from Tebbit's effort, except that 'trade union' has been altered to 'Conservative Party' and 'trade unionist' to 'Conservative Party member'.

The cumulative effect of these points is devastating. One example is given at the beginning of this article. Here are two more, again with Tebbit's original words in italics:

> *It would be a very considerable step forward for the vast majority of* party elections *if ballot papers were distributed and then returned by members through the post to an independent scrutineer . . . It may be thought that the process of reform should start 'at the top' with* the Party Chairman, Vice Chairmen and Treasurers.

It won't happen, of course, at least not for a good many years. Meanwhile, any trade unionist who wishes to embarrass Tebbit – and who doesn't? – could do a lot worse than write to the charter movement's convenor at the Coach House, Church Street, Southwell, Nottinghamshire, and obtain his/her own copy of this excellent document. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not-so-cuddly Dudley

Dudley Council, in the West Midlands, is held up as a shining example of 'Tory efficiency'. John Rentoul reveals the other side of the story

IN THE RUN-UP TO the local elections next Thursday, Dudley council is being held up by the Conservatives as a model of how a good Tory town hall is run: cheaply, efficiently and in a businesslike way.

As in neighbouring Birmingham, the Tory council in Dudley has employed accountants Price Waterhouse to help carry out a programme of cuts. Leader Jack Edmonds tells the party faithful, in a booklet called *The Dudley Experience*, how the firm helped them make savings of 'almost £17 million over a five year period'.

What he does not say is that this total is made up of carefully selected figures. His total *projected* savings in *different* departments over *different* five-year periods comes to £16.2 million (which Edmonds incidentally rounds up to £17 million). The *actual* savings made by Price Waterhouse in the past four years only just exceed £3 million. And not all of this can actually be attributed to Price Waterhouse. Half-a-million pounds have been obtained by accounting for debt in a different way, in a complex manoeuvre involving the Sinking Fund. The council's finance department was already proposing to raise the assumed rate of interest earned by the Fund from 3 per cent to 5 per cent when Price Waterhouse – both as consultants and auditors – persuaded the council that it would be possible to raise this figure to 10 per cent. Price Waterhouse have claimed the whole amount as savings achieved by them in their review of the finance department. Real savings so far amount to less than £3 million, achieved less by greater efficiency than by letting social and educational standards fall drastically.

Edmonds also does not say that Price Waterhouse are the council's auditors, that they have earned well over £½ million in fees and that, when they were appointed as consultants in 1979, other firms were not invited to tender for the work.

In fact, the government has since then prohibited the appointment by a council of its own auditors to do consultancy work: the audit commission, which oversees local authority auditing, said that 'the independence of auditors could be impaired by allegations of conflicts of interest'. The fact that the consultancy work was not put out to competitive tender is also against the guidelines governing public procurement, designed to prevent politicians giving lucrative contracts to their friends in the private sector.

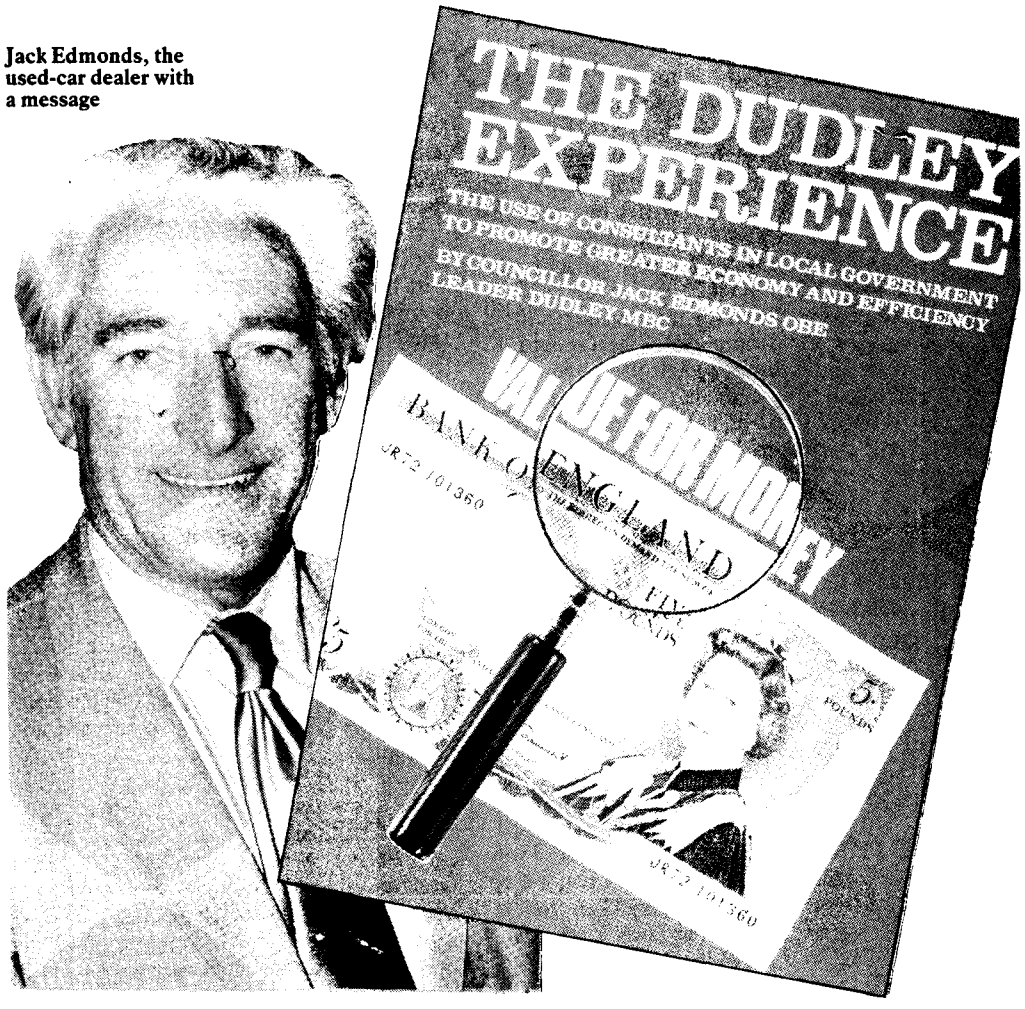
Since they got the job in 1979, Price Waterhouse have hung on to it. They were given a small department to review on what Edmonds called 'a trial basis', and were then given other departments to review one by one. So far they have earned £655,000. A further fee, for the environmental health department, is yet to be disclosed. In October 1981, Price Waterhouse opened an office in Dudley, mostly to handle the increasing workload of their job at the town hall.

LABOUR COUNCILLORS accuse Edmonds of having set up Price Waterhouse as a 'state within a state', to whom Tory councillors refer all their difficult decisions, and of demoralising the council's officers, who have to operate with Price Waterhouse looking over their shoulders.

The Dudley Experience glosses over the council's relationship with the consultants and is dishonest both about the amount of money saved and the way in which 'savings' have been achieved. It also leaves out the real explanation for the low level of council spending in Dudley – the low level of provision of local services. With unemployment now over 17 per cent and a sharp rise in the number of old people for whom the council is responsible, the need for services is greater than it has ever been. In such circumstances, you can only save money by breaking the rules.

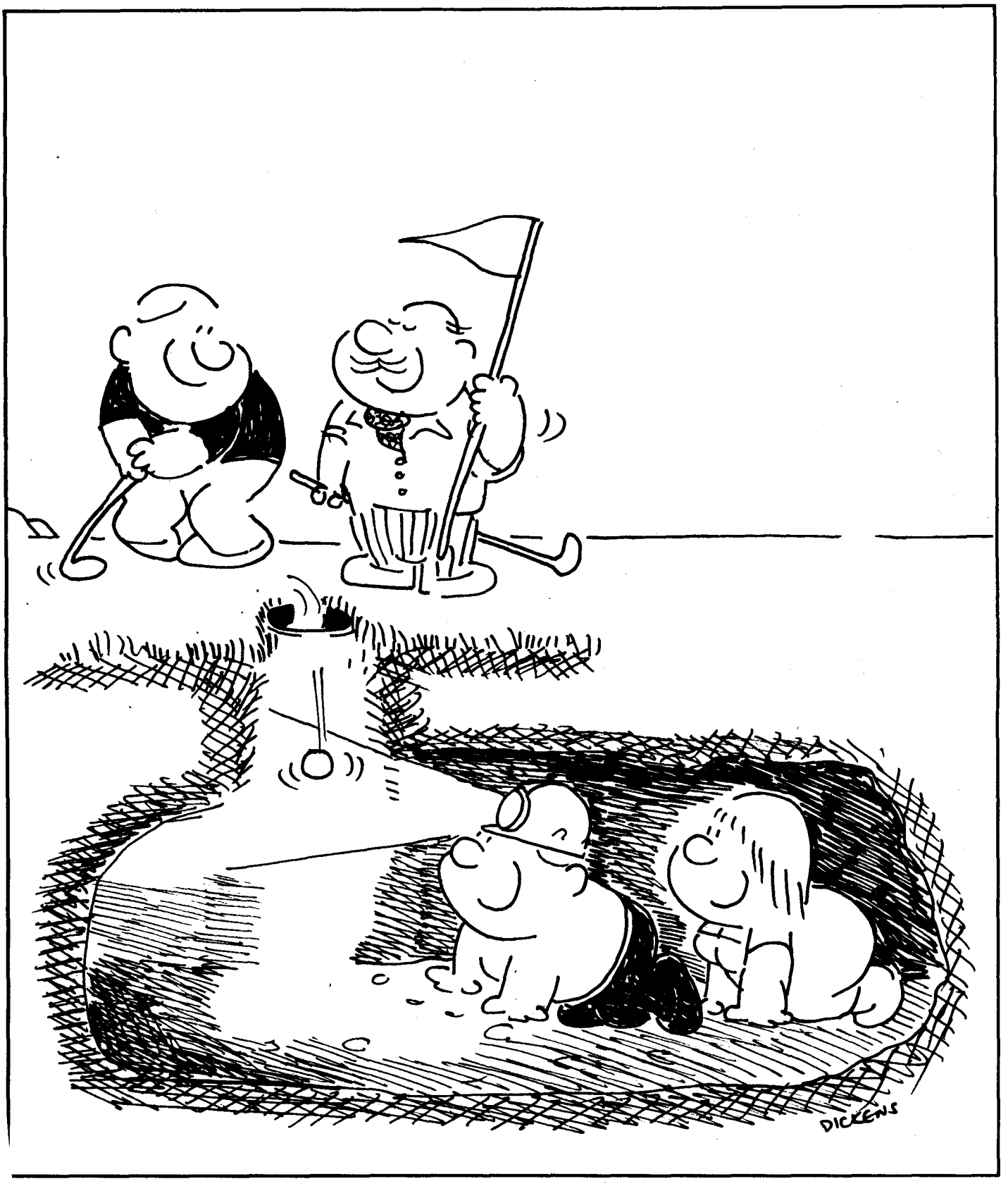
The state of schools in Dudley is so poor that the council is breaking the law by failing to provide the minimum level of service required by the Education Acts. Last October's notorious report by the school inspectors on the borough's education authority found cases of O-level children sharing basic textbooks which were long out of date. The report concluded that Dudley 'is now at the edge of what can be done within present levels of funding'.

Dudley has one of the worst pupil-teacher ratios in the country and teachers have more 'class contact time' and less time to prepare lessons and do marking than anywhere else. The inspectors found that schools were increasingly dependent on contributions from parents to buy textbooks. This had been predicted by the Dudley director of education, who said in a confidential report: 'By 1983 parents will be providing basic


THE DUDLEY EXPERIENCE
THE USE OF CONSULTANTS IN LOCAL GOVERNMENT TO PROMOTE GREATER ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY
BY COUNCILLOR JACK EDMONDS OBE
LEADER DUDLEY MBC
VALUE FOR MONEY
BANK OF ENGLAND
5 POUNDS

Jack Edmonds, the used-car dealer with a message

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THIS FRIDAY NIGHT, THE NORTH MEETS THE SOUTH.

On April 29th, just as the pubs are closing, the North meets the South.

Between 10.30 and midnight, TVS and Tyne Tees will be joining up to screen 'Friday Live' simultaneously.

100 Northerners will be in the Newcastle studio, talking direct to 100 Southerners in Southampton.

As well as live phone-ins, acts from comedians working in the two regions, interviews with M.P.'s and a chat with Lawrie McMenemy, two families from Hartlepool and Basingstoke who swapped homes for a week will be swapping the differences they noticed.

One thing is for certain. Whatever differences there may be, when it comes to programme initiative, the North and the South are far from divided.

TVS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

materials hitherto supplied by the Local Education Authority'. It is highly likely that this contravenes the 1944 Education Act, which states that Education Authorities must provide schools of suitable number, character and equipment, and that no fees should be charged. One of Price Waterhouse's tasks over the past few months has been to determine the extent to which private contributions support Dudley's schools – presumably so that the council can budget for them and not provide all books and equipment itself.

The attitude of the Conservatives is typified by the chairman of the education committee, Denis Harty, who, when a head complained that her school's duplicator was 25 years old, said: 'I can't see why a school needs a duplicator'. The Inspectors' report also stated, quite explicitly, that 'there is no slack in the administrative arrangements'. Price Waterhouse, however, see schools administration as one of their main targets, and are seeking substantial staff cuts. It is the accountants who have the ear – and respect – of the council.

There is no doubt that the council is breaking the law by failing to provide according to need for the educationally subnormal. Dudley has no provision at all for ESN young people over the age of 16, whereas the 1981 Education Act requires local authorities to provide schooling up to the age of 19 for 'those children who are the subject of a statement of special educational needs', and who choose to stay on.

In such a situation, when services are already at, or below, minimum acceptable standards, any cuts are likely to affect the level of service at what Edmonds calls 'the sharp end'. Nevertheless, he believes there is still 'unproductive fat' waiting to be cut and continues to seek greater 'efficiency' – that is, less money for the same level of service.

The main instrument of efficiency is staff cuts, mostly by voluntary redundancy, but because Dudley employs so few people anyway, it is inevitable that other means of saving money have to be found. The burden is being borne by the council's low-paid employees. For example, Dudley is attempting to abandon a national agreement on the pay and conditions of its dinner ladies. It has abolished their holiday retainer pay and the women are no longer to be allowed free school meals.

PRICE WATERHOUSE HAS also recommended privatising school cleaning: as a result, the council will pay less for a worse service. Private firms have offered to do the work for 40 per cent lower cost than the existing staff, but are offering 40 per cent fewer hours work.

Edmonds says: 'I make no apologies for endeavouring to run Dudley council as a business.' But his business experience does not appear necessarily to qualify him for the task of providing all sections of the community with services; he is a secondhand car dealer who specialises in Porsches and Mercedes.

His attempt to present, in *The Dudley Experience,* the image of a modern, efficient and businesslike council administration working in partnership with 'a large international firm of consultants' fails to recognise the needs of a declining, industrially blighted borough with, for example, one of the highest infant mortality rates in the country.

Dudley has traditionally been a low-spending, minimum services council – something for which past Labour administrations are just as responsible as the present Conservative one. Last year, spending per head of population was 23 per cent less than the average for metropolitan authorities and fewer staff were employed per 1,000 population than any other metropolitan authority.

The Tories will be going into the council election next Thursday on the 'value for money' ticket and Labour councillors find themselves in the position of repeating words that might seem more appropriate on Margaret Thatcher's lips: 'You can't get something for nothing.'

The Tories are defending a majority of ten seats, with a third of the council's 72 seats up for election. But Labour's target of winning five seats from the Tories is under threat from the influx of the 'new middle class' which is turning Dudley's southern boundaries into an affluent commuter belt. 'These are young people who are not interested in social services,' says Labour finance spokesman Gary Willetts. And there are fears that Labour's traditional supporters have been bludgeoned by Edmonds's Thatcherism into believing that better services are no longer possible. 'People's expectations have been reduced,' says Willetts.

But last year's council elections, which gave the Tories their decisive majority, were held in the middle of the Falklands campaign, and support for the Tories is now running at a significantly lower level.

If Labour do win back control in Dudley, they are committed to cancelling Price Waterhouse's contract, and have already taken legal advice on the matter. 'We're all for efficiency,' says Labour leader Fred Hunt, 'but we don't see why we have to spend hundreds of thousands of pounds for it.' If the Conservatives retain control, Price Waterhouse will continue in their lucrative position, despite the fact that the appointment of a council's auditors as consultants to the same council has now been outlawed.

What is happening in Dudley is just a foretaste of what will happen in neighbouring Birmingham if the Tories retain control there. There, Price Waterhouse (again) were appointed as consultants, in September 1982 – although (again) they are the council's auditors – and (again) without the contract going out to tender. So far, they have only done a cost-cutting review of the social services department for a fee of £103,000. But Birmingham social workers have protested that Price Waterhouse 'waded into' issues they were not qualified to judge and the city treasurer has disputed the cost saving figure, reducing Price Waterhouse's £1 million to a mere £190,000. Social workers' leader Tom Tierney commented: 'If they got half a million out of Dudley, they'll get £2 million out of Birmingham – without going through a tender of any sort.' □

HOUSING

Whose benefit?

Ros Franey dissects a 'chaotic' new system

FOR A MEASURE that affects one in three of Britain's households and renders one in eight financially worse off, the new system of housing benefits, which came fully into effect this month, has attracted little media attention.

Yet, at a conference held by the Child Poverty Action Group (CPAG) in London last Saturday, more than 100 delegates produced evidence from all over the country that the new system is causing chaos. It is unfair, unworkable and has been implemented in too short a time. Claimants are getting either the wrong benefit or no benefit at all. Private tenants in particular are suffering financial difficulties. Computer programmes are unready, untested and bristling with errors. The manifold problems of administering housing benefit – which is more complicated than its predecessors – are compounded by lack of staff and resources to promote and process it.

Housing benefits are the mix of rate and rent rebates (previously payable by local authorities to the poor) and rent allowance payable by the DHSS to claimants in supplementary benefit. All housing benefits are now paid by local councils. This represents a marked shift to local government of responsibility for income maintenance. It enables the DHSS to boast a 'saving' of civil servants, even if there is no net 'saving' in public employees. An additional attraction is that failures in administration can be blamed on local authorities.

No one disputed the need for reform. The Housing Finance Review, initiated by Anthony Crosland in 1975, set out to examine comprehensive alternatives to the hotchpotch of inequitable systems whereby wealthy owner-occupiers benefited enormously in relation to low income owners and tenants. However, by 1977, with the publication of the Labour government's green paper on housing policy, it had become clear that owner-occupiers were to be exempted from any reform which might interfere with the privileges that they already enjoyed. (Unlike benefits for the poor, not only is mortgage tax relief not means tested, it is also allowed at a higher rate for the rich – i.e. the person paying tax at 60 per cent receives mortgage tax relief at 60 per cent.)

The DHSS then set to work to unify the remaining means-tested rent support systems. The potential advantages of doing this were to simplify the complexities of the various schemes; reduce DHSS administration costs and staffing levels; and abolish the 'better off' anomaly whereby (in 1979, for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We have plans above our station.

A brand-new station is planned for British Rail's Liverpool Street and Broad Street termini in London.

It will replace the existing obsolete stations which date back to at least 1874, and suffer from a number of drawbacks, as the busy commuter and others who use them are well aware.

Given British Rail's shortage of money for investment, how is the new Liverpool Street to be created?

The redevelopment scheme will be financed by making available the land adjacent to the stations and the site above the new station for private sector development – a classic case of private and public enterprise working together to mutual advantage.

As a result of this partnership, British Rail will be able to afford to rebuild Liverpool Street and eliminate a notorious bottleneck in the rail network outside it.

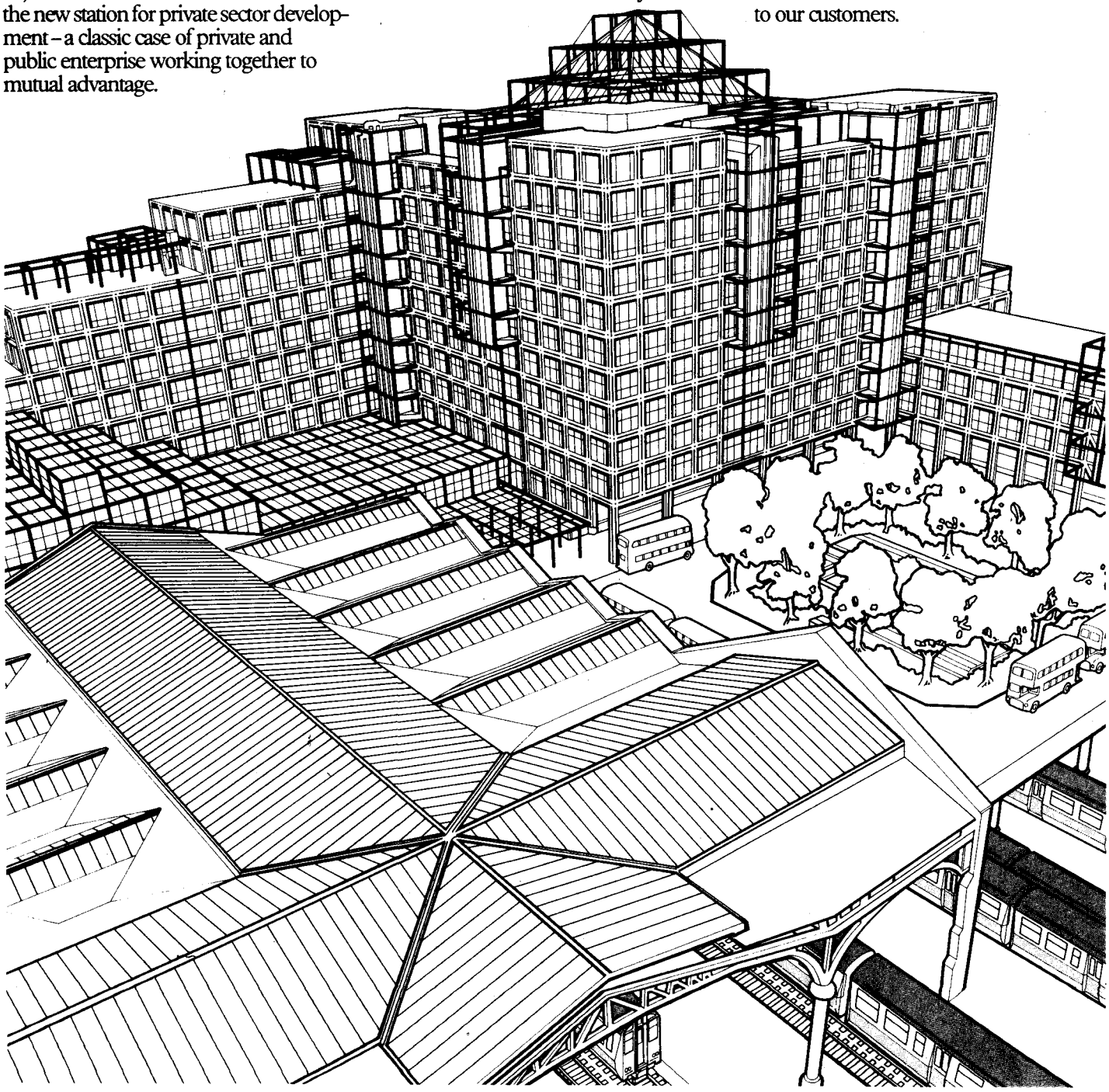
And the 170,000 passengers who come and go from the two stations each weekday will be provided with more reliable services, a much more convenient, modern station and improved interchanges with bus and underground services.

New office blocks and shops will transform the area as a whole into a modern and attractive inner city centre.

In Liverpool Street station itself, some of the original character will be retained by preserving the Western Train Shed – a structure of historic and architectural interest.

The project will take several years to complete, due to the need to maintain train services throughout the construction period.

It is by launching ambitious and far-sighted schemes like this that British Rail's Property Board can achieve, despite limited funds, an environmental transformation that will be of maximum benefit to our customers.



This is the age of the train

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

example) some 100,000 supplementary benefit claimants would have been better off claiming rebates instead of supplementary benefit, while 300,000 people on rebates would have been better off claiming supplementary benefit.

WITH THE ADVENT of the new government in 1979, the keynote of reform became the commitment to reduce the size of the Civil Service and streamline housing benefits at no extra cost to the state. In the end, this latter objective is the only one to have actually been achieved. Under the Social Security and Housing Benefits Act 1982, housing support (or most of it) has been extricated from the supplementary benefit system administered by the DHSS and transferred to the local authorities. Here, it is being integrated with rent rebates (for council tenants), rent allowances (for private tenants) and rate rebates (for ratepaying tenants and low income owners). The scheme was originally known as 'unified' housing benefit, but any suggestion of unity has quietly been dropped from the title since in practice the two-tier system – according to whether a claimant is on supplementary benefit or rebates – will continue. Claimants who, in the inimitable jargon of welfare, find themselves 'certificated' (i.e. are claiming supplementary benefit and are thus the traditional clientele of the DHSS) are favoured with all sorts of perks denied to 'standard' claimants – those who come into the scheme from the rebate side and have always been the province of the DoE.

It is standard claimants who will bear the brunt of reductions in benefit because of the changes in 'tapers' (the percentage by which benefit alters as income rises or falls above or below the 'needs allowance'). And the numbers who lose benefit under the taper changes are very large – over 2 million households, according to the government's own estimate. These losses are supposed to be limited to 75p a week by a 'transitional addition', but this addition will be phased out by April 1984, after which there will be no limit to the losses. Moreover, other less publicised changes are leading to further losses for which there is no 'transitional addition' and many confused tenants are losing a great deal more than the 75p a week for which they were prepared.

This is not to say that the scheme is trouble-free for tenants on supplementary benefit. 'Certificated' council tenants pay the price of effectively being put on 'rent direct', since the local authority hangs on to the money owed it in rent. This carries its own consequences: the removal of tenants' spending choices; the stigma attached to not being deemed responsible enough to pay one's own rent; the transfer of debt problems which will be visibly reflected in HP repossessions and fuel disconnections, and less visibly in skimping on food and clothing.

Under the new scheme it is still possible for households with identical incomes and housing costs to receive very different amounts of benefit depending on whether they are claiming supplementary benefit (in which case rent and rates are rebated in full) or rebates and allowances – under which, in most cases, only part of rent and rates is refunded. Their level of benefit may even be determined by such arbitrary considerations as whether they first approach the local authority or the DHSS. It is clear that many local authorities have neither the staff nor the specialist knowledge to make complex assessments of a claimant's full entitlement.

The greatest scope for administrative error is over housing benefit *supplement*. The very existence of such a supplement bears witness to the failure of the whole reform. If unification had really been achieved, it would not have been necessary to invent a subsidy to keep the income of some people on rebates and allowances above the poverty line – yet this is what the supplement aims to do. It is available – as long as people realise they can claim it – to some 125,000 supplementary-benefit claimants who are transferred on to rebates/allowances, and to all future rebates/allowances claimants who *would* have been better off under the old SB rules. Like SB, housing benefit supplement is the passport to other benefits – free school meals and free prescriptions – and may enable a claimant to get single payments to cover particular urgent needs, so failure to take it up will have far-reaching consequences for a poor family. Yet, because of the mysteries of qualifying for it and the need to make a separate application to the DHSS, take-up is expected to be low.

The exercise of local authority discretion and the differing degrees of priority being placed by councils on housing benefits seem certain to produce even greater discrepancies in the treatment of individual claims than previously occurred between different SB offices. Some authorities are taking their new responsibilities very seriously, determined to do a better job than the DHSS; others are scarcely altering their staff complements and are using old-fashioned means of assessment which add weeks to the time of processing a claim.

What angers the delegates to the CPAG conference is that a system could well have been devised which brought unity and equity to housing benefits. Now, thanks to the constraints of staff economies, 'no cost' and the sanctity of mortgage tax relief, the chance is lost for years to come. □

New Statesman

Annual subscription rates*

*6 months & 3 months subscription pro rata

UK £29; Overseas surface mail: £32 (US $59)

Overseas airmail: Europe £36; Middle East £39; S. America, India, Africa £40; Australia, Far East £45; USA, Canada £40 (US $79)

Student subscription rates available on request

Please note: payment by cheque in Sterling or US Dollars, or International Money Order only

Please complete this form and post to:
NS Subscriptions, 14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....
(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

I enclose £/$.....

HITLER'S DIARY

Chequebook history

Bernard Crick on Lord Dacre's dereliction of duty

IT CAME A YEAR EARLY. Not until next year will Winston Smith receive his copy of Goldstein's testament from O'Brien – the secret history of how the Party corrupted the ideals of the revolution – only to discover that O'Brien and the Party have forged it. Winston should not have been so gullible, since he works in the Ministry of Truth rewriting back-numbers of *The Times*.

Satires have a way of coming true. Orwell, with grotesque Swiftian imagery, was as much satirising with tendencies in our society as possibilities of a future one. Regimes control and rewrite history – for when we can no longer recover an historical (as distinct from an ideological) past, both truth and freedom are lost.

Foremost among the defenders of truth are historians. Lord Dacre, Master of Peterhouse, director of *The Times*, was once Hugh Trevor-Roper, the historian whose book *The Last Days of Hitler* seemed a classic of good judgment in handling incomplete and disparate contemporary evidence. He has now betrayed his profession in an extraordinary manner. I have no inside knowledge about the affair. I am not expert in German history. But I do know what History as a discipline is supposed to be about and I do care for principles in public life. These two points seem to have been forgotten. A man is not acting as an historian when he spends half a day amid a large archive in a small room in a Swiss Bank and announces in a hastily written article in last Saturday's *Times*, 'I am convinced of its authenticity.'

Lord Dacre added that, after hearing 'the extraordinary story' of the discovery of the diaries and papers (from the interested parties), 'my doubts gradually dissolved'. Not one shred of evidence did he give, only that three leading handwriting experts had confirmed Hitler's handwriting. He simply handed out an endorsement to *The Times's* product like Ashley Courtenay endorsing an hotel; and as if vulgar doctrines of conflict of interest did not apply to a College Master and a Director of *The Times*. Of course, by Monday, faced with waves of scepticism from German historians and anger at how stupidly and unprofessionally the whole business had been handled, he began to admit a 'possibility' of forgery and to argue that more work needed to be done. He said that he 'stood by what he had written on Saturday,' but, 'I admit that the normal method of historical verification has been sacrificed to the perhaps necessary requirements of a journalistic scoop.'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Perhaps necessary'! I would that Orwell were alive to read that. Not even the *Daily Mail* was so greedily credulous as *The Times* – lacking a guarantee of authenticity, it turned the papers down. *The Times* statement on Monday made clear (friends fall out) that they proceeded on publication plans because 'Lord Dacre expressed his satisfaction that they were authentic'. Lord help us! The great historian had said that the very size and 'volume' of the find made forgery improbable.

Compared to the size of the stakes, Master? If they were forged by German dealers in Nazi memorabilia, the rewards will be vast – thanks to *Stern*, and Rupert Murdoch and the unholy auction for book publishing rights. If they were forged in the East Zone, then the political capital will be vast: to demonstrate the continued ambivalent grip of the Hitler legend on Western opinion and to infiltrate the divisive stuff about Hitler's continual hopes for British support in an anti-Communist crusade. Whoever forged them, they could also possess genuine Hitler remains in which to set their stinking jewel. And this is not to exclude, of course, the possibility that the corrupt German middlemen are 'honest', have had the stuff planted on them.

HISTORY IS A CRAFT – the Germans would say a *Wissenschaft*, a science. A 'discipline', we would prefer; but if it cannot produce laws, at least its truths come from following accepted objective procedures that can be verified by others, independently, even if judgments will differ. A true historian would not have argued that the material was 'Hitler-like' – indeed, it is – still less have given a seal of approval to a dubious commercial enterprise. He would have told *Stern* (whose chequebook journalism is notorious) and even his friend the editor of *The Times* (whose losses continue) to go to hell, if they did not from the start meet conditions acceptable to professional historians – time, plenty of time; help and other specialists working alongside (but independently); graphologists of their choosing; and money to perform a laborious, boring but conclusive frequency analysis of the use of common words in known Hitler texts compared to these suspect-until-proven texts.

That was an historian's duty. The plausibility of the tale of how the diaries were discovered *is completely irrelevant*. Each of the middlemen, to protect lives or pockets, could be lying; but the product could be genuine. Each of the middlemen could be telling almost nothing but the truth, and yet a false product could have been planted on them. General Hans Baur, who wrote in his memoirs about Hitler lamenting the loss of his diaries (the solitary mention), had spent nine years as a prisoner in the Soviet Union. Could that paragraph of his memoirs have earned him his release; or, alternatively, have given them a long-term idea, a mental mole? When Lord Dacre now centres his worries on the plausibility of Gerd Heidemann's account of their origins, he reveals himself as an old fashioned story-telling historian, exercising English 'good judgment' (oh god!) about people's character and reliability; scorning technique. The authenticity of the texts is the sole issue and, on a matter of such moral, political and scientific importance, there should have been, right from the beginning, before anyone decent would touch it, an international commission of professional historians imposing their own conditions, as Lord Bullock was quick to suggest.

Does the editor of *The Times* think that mortals can believe that an iron curtain separates the Master of Peterhouse's mind as historian from his mindlessness as director of *The Times?* The *Sunday Times* gave it an inside three-page spread, as well as most of the front page: two pages on how they were discovered, written like pastiche Le Carré; one page on their content, simply assuming them to be true; but nothing on tests of authenticity. Even readers of murder trial reports (another good stand-by) demand and tolerate technical discussion of evidence. On 8 May they promised a special 'Hitler chronicle pull-out section in colour'. Nice for the kids, Rabbi. Now, a quarter of a million pounds later, they begin to develop doubts.

Hitler is too big and evil an heritage of the West to be played with for the sake of newspaper promotion. Proving the authenticity of these works is a solemn and a scholarly task and, until it was proved, publication should never have been contemplated. There is a lot to read already for those who are gravely or psychotically fascinated by Nazism. Why should people who have not read standard books want to read Sunday serials of Hitler's diaries? 'Diaries' is probably the clue. The belief that diaries (even if not forgeries) are somehow personal and authentic. Even Lord Dacre warns that these are propaganda and written as propaganda to be read by us, to affect us. Few public men write diaries for their conscience or for objective history: they write them to try to continue to live in posterity. Serialised, we would read them not for the truth, or even be sure that they were true when reading them, but because they had been sensationalised and their owners were hopeful of their pornographic appeal in the great business of a press war. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* has been with us some time, even in Peterhouse and New Printing House Square. □

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

☐ Detective Sergeant Farr said: 'It is highly probable that my closed fists might have come into contact with his face.' But he denied deliberately punching Mr Rose. – *Guardian* (Brian Street)

☐ PC Alcock denied using any violence. He said he could not explain the fact that polish found on the zip of Mr Torrance's trousers was identical to that on his shoes. – *Daily Telegraph* (Robert Jeffcoate)

☐ A church minister said last night that he was refusing to marry police officers or christen their children because of their 'dishonesty and offensive behaviour'. – *Daily Telegraph* (G. Moor)

The Good Crude Guide

South-east Essex may not merit much space in the pages of Michelin, but as far as the local bugs are concerned, the place is a gastronomic paradise.

Certain water-dwelling bacteria have a healthy appetite for oil and other chemicals. Such gluttony is encouraged at Mobil's Coryton Refinery, where it's our responsibility to purify Thames water that's been used in oil refining.

Our community minded microorganisms never let us down. At a typical oily banquet, they can consume thousands of gallons of waste in less than 24 hours.

Once the microscopic gastronomes have done their job, they're separated off, and the clean, clear water is returned to the Estuary.

Such procedure pleases the Thames Water Pollution Control Officer, the fish he's charged with protecting – and the bugs themselves, who live to dine another day.

Mobil

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEFENCE

Another way

As the nuclear spiral tightens, Andrew Wilson reports on a different approach to national security

IN THE LONG RUN the Alternative Defence Commission may best be remembered for having taken the nuclear debate to the ultimate, inescapable question: Is it possible, in the nuclear age, to base the defence of liberty and justice on arms of *any* kind?

In a report published this month the ADC makes an honest attempt to get to grips with this question. It does not conceal that there were differences of opinion among members. Its chief recommendation – that a British government committed to nuclear disarmament should stay conditionally in NATO in the hope of influencing its policy in a similar direction – is clearly a compromise on which the Commission expects lively debate.

The grasping of the national security nettle is foreshadowed in the report by a brief, almost parenthetical reference to the *ultimate vulnerability of conventional defence in face of a sufficiently ruthless nuclear opponent.*

Much has been written about the unexplored potential of 'conventional' deterrence, some of it by experienced generals appalled at the happy-go-lucky way in which straight nuclear war-fighting policy has been sold to the Western public under the guise of 'flexible response'. Only last week, two new contributions were offered: one a paper from the Bradford University School of Peace Studies (which sponsored the Commission, with funds from the Lansbury House Trust); the other from a group called Just Defence, whose members include Frank Barnaby, a former director of the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute. Both stress the availability of a new class of weapons called PMGs (precision-guided munitions) that, because of their mass-producible electronic content, are relatively cheap and, being mainly for battlefield deployment against aircraft land tanks, arguably 'defensive'.

From a military standpoint there is a lot to be said for the introduction of these 'smart' weapons to replace the 'baroque arsenal' (Mary Kaldor's phrase) of tanks, heavy combat aircraft and surface ships wished on us by arms contractors and hidebound military procurement policy. And if, moreover, this is a necessary step towards reversing the *offensive* arms race, many people seeking alternatives to war will doubtless support, or at least not resist it.

But given the dynamics of escalation and the likely permanence of our nuclear condition (the Bomb may one day be dismantled, it cannot be dis-invented), it can hardly be more than an interim solution – a fact clearly recognised by the two bodies just mentioned. Ultimately, the alternative to a nuclear defence policy can only be a form of deterrence impervious to conventional as well as to nuclear threats and based on a response in terms other than those of an opponent.

After considering various military options, including territorial defence on the Swedish model, the Commission addresses itself to two more radical possibilities, either for Britain in isolation or, more profitably, some kind of European 'association'. The first is an anti-occupation strategy based on protracted guerrilla warfare. Though this must strike most people as somewhat way-out, and indeed is rejected as a basic defence policy by the Commission itself, the arguments for and against it are worth studying.

The chief argument 'for' is that a guerrilla strategy, pre-planned and advertised on the Yugoslav model, is unmistakably un-provocative. Not only is it the most de-escalatory option with regard to the arms race; it is also the most economical materially and dependent, at least in theory, on moral resources – courage, initiative, etc – that are supposed to be in plentiful supply in the Western democracies. World War II guerrilla operations undeniably contributed to the defeat of the Nazi occupation in Europe, though with varying effectiveness from country to country and with the support of a conventional war base in Britain.

BUT WORLD WAR II also furnishes arguments against it. These centre on the effect of savage reprisals against non-combatants and on the liability of armed resistance movements to split into warring factions. (The Greek experience was particularly shattering.) Post-war experience under the influence of Mao and Giap gives even more cause for reflection. For, as the report puts it:

> guerrilla warfare does not necessarily, as is sometimes claimed, create momentum towards a decentralised and libertarian form of social organisation . . . Nothing in the way guerrilla movements have to be organised and to conduct operations of itself prevents the establishment of authoritarian modes or ideology either during the struggle itself or in the post-war period. China, Cuba, Vietnam, Kampuchea – however one might want to evaluate the regimes that followed the successful guerrilla resistance in these countries – bear this out.

This led the Commission to consider the second radical option: non-violent civil resistance. A recent study listed 125 forms of non-violent resistance, but, for practical purposes, they come down to three types: 'persuasive' actions to sustain the morale of the occupied and demoralise the occupier; denial actions of the strike/boycott type; and

SCENES FROM THE LIVES OF THE GREAT SOCIALISTS: No. 16 of the Series.
MARX & ENGELS FIND A SECRET GARDEN

Martin Rowson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

actions to divide or undermine the occupation authority.

Civil resistance can plausibly aim to:

- make governing a country difficult if not impossible
- maintain the values, institutions and general culture of an occupied country
- deny the opponent many of the political and economic benefits he might seek to gain.

These are essentially defensive tasks. But the resistance must also aim to take the struggle into the opponent's camp by:

- sowing disaffection among the occupation authorities
- disrupting previous economic and cultural exchanges
- mobilising international opinion against the attacker
- working to produce divisions in the opponent's forces.

Among examples of successful actions to which the report appeals are Gandhi's *satyagraha* campaigns, the popular defeat by general strike of the 1920 Kapp *putsch*, the 1923 Ruhrkampf (a go-slow by Belgian miners under Nazi occupation) and various actions by the Dutch and Scandinavian wartime resistance movements.

The success of civil resistance in post-war Eastern Europe is acknowledged to be more difficult to judge. It failed to save Czechoslovakia in 1968, though it may have saved Dubcek's and other lives and, certainly, by exposing the nature of Soviet intervention, provoked important divisions in the international communist movement. It did not save Solidarity as a legal body in Poland; but, again, the Polish story is far from over.

All this the Commission admits – together with the uncertainty of finding in Margaret Thatcher's class-riddled Britain the moral reserves necessary to the pre-planning of a protracted popular resistance. Not unreasonably, it concludes that a defence system based solely on non-violent resistance is unlikely to become a practical defence option for a considerable time. In the intervening period of 'transarmament' (defined as movement into alternative military ways of meeting our security needs), those who demand the impossible will have a part to play in broadening the options available to society.

Transarmament, says the report, 'is likely to be a dialectical process. It could be that mass direct action will by example contribute most to the process of acclimatisation and that the capacity for civil resistance by society will develop from below.'

In other words, security in the 21st century – if we survive till then – can most hopefully be expected to rest, not on any reorganisation of the armed forces, but on development of the non-violent will to defend our values that is now being shown by CND and others in the peace movement. □

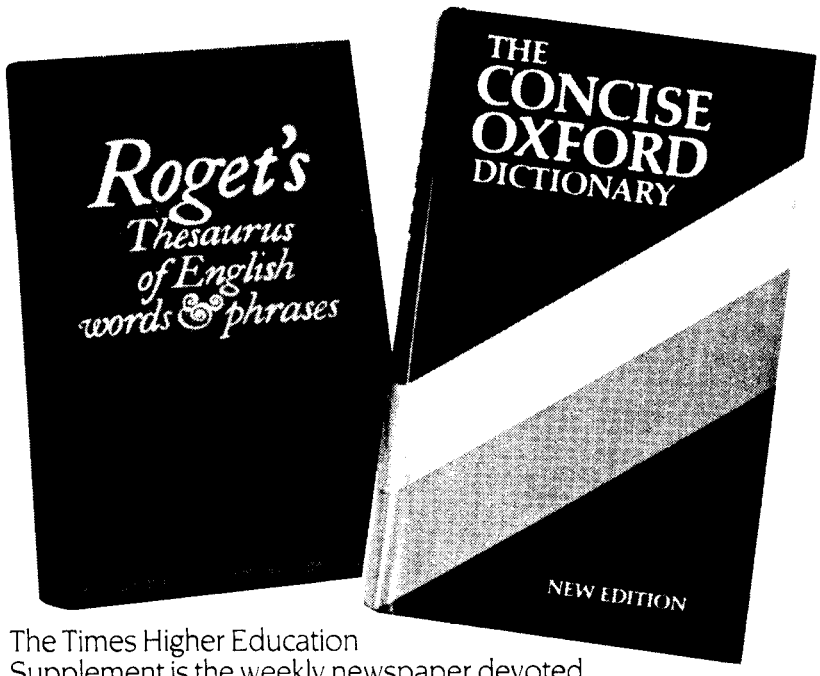
Andrew Wilson is an Associate Editor of the Observer *and was formerly its Defence Correspondent.*

The ADC report Defence Without the Bomb *is published by Taylor and Francis at £4.45.*

A SPECIAL OFFER

to new subscribers of

The Times Higher Education Supplement



The Times Higher Education Supplement is the weekly newspaper devoted to the affairs of higher education. It publishes news, features and comment about universities and colleges in Britain and abroad. It provides a forum for the exchange of academic views, and offers comprehensive book reviews covering all disciplines.

Take out a subscription to the THES today and we will also send you FREE a copy of the very latest hardback edition of Roget's Thesaurus *or* the very latest hardback edition of the Concise Oxford Dictionary. Both publications have been specially bound for The Times Supplements and retail at just below £8.00. A year's subscription to the THES costs £22.50. Complete the coupon below and send it, together with your cheque, to the address shown.

Offer applies to readers in the UK only.

Please send me a year's subscription to The Times Higher Education Supplement and my free Roget's Thesaurus Concise Oxford Dictionary.*

I enclose my cheque for made payable to Times Newspapers Ltd.

NAME

ADDRESS

SIGNATURE DATE

*delete as appropriate.

ST1

Please send this coupon together with your cheque to Frances Goddard, The Times Supplements, Priory House, St John's Lane, London ECIM 4BX

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Liverpool rules OK?

Professor Patrick Minford, University of Liverpool

Peter Kellner is once again in sparkling knockabout form, attacking the Liverpool Research Group (*NS* 8 April). But once again he is not quite on target.

First, our 'bum predictions'. Your readers should know at least that the *Financial Times* recently rated Liverpool equal top forecaster for 1982, with the (monetarist) Treasury; Kellner's Keynesian favourites lagged well behind.

But, more importantly, he has got the wrong end of the stick about our unemployment thesis, by belabouring our calculations of replacement ratios (Appendix 2 of our recent book). These are *not* relevant to the statistical analysis (set out in Appendix 1) backing up the thesis; the reason is that this analysis is about movements in unemployment wages, benefits, taxes etc. *over time* and it is not at all sensitive to which benefit or tax concept you use, because they have all moved very similarly.

The ratio calculations were in fact produced to assess the effect of our policy proposals on the distribution of income and in particular the position of low-paid workers; a different issue altogether. Clearly, as we freely conceded, many of the details involved can be nitpicked endlessly; but they are all based on DHSS studies, and in some cases are deliberate understatements, as Appendix 2 explains. In particular, we omitted any part-time earnings by the unemployed on the 'shadow' economy, which is well known to be widespread.

Some other points. First, there is no 'change in view' between our calculations in the book and the *Fiscal Studies* article; we simply incorporated the very latest end-November rent and rate rebates (instead of the mid-November ones used for the book) and of course the figures are a little – but not much – different.

Finally, the IFS calculations of the number of people affected by high ratios. These differ from ours largely because they omit work expenses (quite unreasonably; they also leave out some means-tested benefits). For example, when they include work expenses at 5 per cent of gross wages (less than we assume), the IFS estimate of the workforce with replacement ratios over 0.9 rises sharply to 17 per cent, a figure not significantly different from ours.

The – apparently unpalatable – truth is that a lot of people are in the unemployment trap, i.e. have high replacement ratios. But even if you want to ignore work expenses and part-time earnings, the same high percentages of the workforce would be seen to have ratios in excess of 0.8, a figure that is now regarded as a maximum even in Denmark, and well over the maximum envisaged in France, Germany and Italy. Our book suggests a ceiling on the ratio at 0.7, in order to abolish the unemployment trap; it also suggests reductions in taxes and union power which would avoid significant hardship for the least well-off. Surely it is time to face up to this problem and for those who do not like our proposals at least to come up with constructive alternatives?

Peter Kellner writes: Readers may care to note that Professor Minford's letter does not contest one of his critics' central points: that the number of people with high replacement ratios, and so caught in the 'unemployment trap', has fallen sharply in the past five years. So if Minford is right about the influence of unemployment benefits on the dole queues, they should have *shortened* since Mrs Thatcher came to power, not lengthened.

It never Raines . . .

Naomi Hull, London N6

I am sorry, but after 26 years of reading the *New Statesman* I will be cancelling my husband's order immediately. To print a poem about a *poacher* (*NS* 22 April) is bad enough – liable to corrupt the young as well as being grossly sexist – but to permit such language as 'clods', 'gritty', 'irritates' and 'fools' gold' is the last straw. I trust that every lover of our countryside will follow my example.

Ed: This correspondence is now closed.

Arms conversion

Tony Topham, Trade Unions for END, Hull

I attended the Swedish conference on arms conversion, reported on by Denis MacShane (*NS* 8 April), as a representative of the END Trade Union Group, which is currently engaged in plans involving the TGWU, IG Metall, the Italian Metalworkers' and other European unions, to convene an all-European shop stewards' conference on arms conversion. The Swedish Metalworkers' Union conference was an important pioneering initiative.

Bill Niven's paper, proposing a quango-type structure of national, regional and plant-level committees to oversee the conversion process, is reported by Denis MacShane as a non-controversial matter which 'converges' with similar American proposals, and which could be adopted by the Labour Party as official policy.

In fact, Niven's proposals are derived quite directly from the original US model, pioneered in that country by the Machinists' Union, by Seymour Melman, Senator McGovern and others. They may well accord intelligently with the political and social context in the USA, where progressive forces aspiring to legislative change need to work through non-socialist agencies. While hoping that they will succeed in shifting American opinion to work for arms conversion, we have no need to import their model so uncritically into our quite different setting.

In Britain, and also in Europe, as I argued at the Swedish conference, it is a mistake to reject, as Niven's paper consciously does, the Lucas experience as the model for policy-making. In particular, to impose above the shop stewards in the arms industry an elaborate, even 'sophisticated', structure of quangos, composed in tripartite manner to include major representation for the civil service and the arms manufacturers themselves, is to repeat all the mistakes in so-called industrial strategy committed by the last Labour government. British trade unionists have had generations of experience of the futility of 'problem-solving' consensus committees erected on this basis. Minority representation on such committees will simply not engage the commitment of workers' representatives to the conversion process.

At Lucas, the workforce inundated their Combine shop stewards' committee with proposals for socially useful alternative products – without ever indulging in what Denis MacShane characterises as 'earnest waffle'. They did so because they trusted their own representatives. Just how are the diffident responses of those Swedish stop stewards – accurately reported by Denis MacShane – and their fellows in the British arms industry, to be converted into enthusiastic commitment? Not, I suggest, by offering them quangos! A model that has demonstrably failed in the general field of industrial planning will fail in the even more crucial field of arms conversion.

We need a Trade Union Arms Conversion Commission, with extensive independent powers to generalise the Lucas process, and to submit the resultant workers' and community conversion plans *directly* to a Labour government, without the intervention of intermediary agencies.

A Democrat by any other name

Clive D. Lindley, Gwent

My attention has been drawn to a recent article (*NS* 1 April) entitled 'Democrat's Debts'. In particular, the article discusses the affairs of *Democrat* magazine and the final paragraph suggests that I am '. . . trying to organise a salvage operation'.

In fact, it is my understanding that *Democrat* has ceased publication, and I am not involved in any salvage operation where that publication is concerned. However, some friends and I have got together in order to start a new monthly publication, *New Democrat*, to which you may want to wish 'bon voyage'.

Non-violent direct action

R. Banks and R. Walker, Colchester & District Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament

In discussing the problems which CND encountered in organising last Easter's events, Sarah Benton (*NS* 8 April) neglects one which arose in conjunction with the blockade at ROF Burghfield.

The factory has two gates, one of which is accessible only via 'The Mearings', a private road owned by MoD. Twenty-five houses are also located on this road. CND planned to blockade each end of The Mearings, though the residents were to be allowed free movement across the barriers. In order to make this selective blockade work, CND planned to issue passes to the residents so that they could be distinguished from factory personnel. This plan collapsed, however, in the face of hostility from the residents. As it turned out, the factory was given an enforced holiday, and the problems of selective passage, with no hard and fast criteria by which to separate residents from factory workers, were easily resolved in practice. (Although the very principle of a selective blockade gave rise to continual controversy on the barricades.)

That the problem *could* have arisen, however, convicts CND's National Council and Projects Committee of a gross lack of strategic planning. It was unrealistic to assume co-operation from the residents: they live on MoD property within spitting distance of the factory, and we understand that many of them are employed in it. Given a normal working day, it should have been obvious from the outset that a partial blockade would have been a non-starter.

Non-violent direct action is not an end in itself, as CND's last annual conference clearly recognised. It is an important tactic, but *not* the only one. Its effective use depends on a coherent political strategy taking into account both the goals to be attained *and* the objective conditions determining possible courses of action. The latter parameter was clearly no part of the organisation for Burghfield.

More generally, there seems to be an increasing tendency within the Campaign to assume that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'NVDA' is the central and even exclusive means available to us. This reification of 'NVDA' indicates to us a basic unwillingness on the part of the Campaign to confront the complexity of the political terrain on which we must operate. This rot can and must be stopped.

Solidarity

Marek Garztecki, Solidarnosc Working Group, London WC1

Gustaw Moszcz's article on Poland, 'Whose Spring?' (*NS* 1 April), provides an interesting glimpse behind the facade of a 'normalised' country but – unfortunately – it is very one-sided.

The author's notion of 'Solidarity's somewhat splintered and concealed leadership in hiding' is certainly at variance with the recent news of its ability to organise a three-day clandestine meeting with Lech Walesa. Anybody who has read about war-like resistance knows that to prepare a meeting with underground leaders in the capital of a totalitarian country virtually overflowing with police agents from four different regions requires an incredibly sophisticated operation and a vast number of helpers. Nor can we agree with the opinion 'that the underground has been effectively neutralised in factories and workplaces'. Even the Minister of the Interior, General Kiszczak, was recent forced to admit that 'the enemy's strength should not be underestimated'. May I inform Mr Moszcz that 'Solidarnosc' in the underground has at least four million dues-paying members, and please remember we don't have 'socialist production targets' to meet so there is no need to inflate our statistics.

Mr Moszcz's problems with putting available facts into a proper context are highlighted when he quotes 'one sympathetic Party liberal'. As all real liberals were purged from the Party shortly after the introduction of martial law, one must assume that his source of wisdom came from Mr Rakowski's circle of 'liberals' cultivated for Western consumption. Knowing that the 'arch-liberal' Rakowski is General Jaruzelski's deputy, they are both equally responsible for the killings of the Wujek miners.

Electric Foot

Allan Prosser, Editor, The Northern Echo, Darlington

The distortion in your report concerning the *Northern Echo's* coverage of the Darlington by-election (*NS* 1 April) was consistent with your lack of effort in attempting to ascertain the truth of the matter.

The *Northern Echo* ran two opinion polls during the campaign. The first, conducted the day after the Budget, showed the SDP in the lead. Your diarist conveniently chose not to mention that our lead story on the morning of voting day itself was the second of our polls, confidently forecasting a Labour victory (and accurate to within 1½ per cent of the final result).

As for telephone polls being 'notoriously unreliable', I suggest you check their success rate in the past three years before burdening your readers with out-of-date and out-of-touch opinions.

The Shirley Williams meeting to which you referred was the first public test of SDP support in the town. As such the numbers it attracted were highlighted. However, you are totally wrong in claiming that Michael Foot's meeting went unnoticed by the *Echo*. This was reported on Saturday 12 March and Monday 14 March, headlined on this occasion ' "Electric" Foot Boosts Labour'. The turnout for his meeting was 850, not 1,000, according to our reporter, a figure not disputed by the Labour Party press officer.

We did not, as you assert, receive a protest about our 'efforts to prevent a Labour victory'. We received one letter from the FoC which did not go before a chapel meeting. Equally, other NUJ members have agreed with the decision to publish the story about Militant (who now concede that 'dozens' of their supporters were out canvassing).

All the stories touched upon in such superficial fashion by your writer were either reported or subbed by NUJ members. The notion that they were browbeaten on to an anti-Labour bandwagon is either mischief or fantasy on your part . . . or possibly both.

Architecture for the people

Stephen Mullin, London WC1

If architects are to share their skills with 'the people who use buildings', then they first need to ensure that those skills are worth having. Tom Woolley's assumpton (Letters 22 April) that a more effective system of architectural training will 'exclude working-class student applicants first' is surely – to use two favourite knee-jerk adjectives of the Spartist Left – both elitist and patronising.

I do not believe, nor did I say, that 'community architecture' is an 'escapist cop-out'. But I do agree with Saint's view, which I paraphrased, that an exclusive preoccupation by decent architects with 'social' or 'community' buildings is, in a mixed economy, an effective betrayal of the interests of ordinary people, who will otherwise continue to have architecture done on them from a great height by the private sector.

It may be that in some distant millennium the professions will have withered away, and we shall all be barefoot brain-surgeons. But in the meantime I would prefer the person who bores a hole in my head to have slightly more credible qualifications for the task than a certificate of ideological rectitude from the local coven of the SWP.

LONDONERS SPEND £⅓ BILLION A YEAR ON THE POLICE FORCE BUT HAVE NO SAY HOW IT'S RUN

A Crisis in London's Policing–Public Meetings

There is now a widely recognised crisis of policing in London, with a growing lack of confidence in the police and in many areas police/community relations are at breaking point. One of the key factors is the lack of accountability of the Metropolitan Police to the people of London. The GLC has therefore drawn up proposals for the creation of a new London police authority which, over the next few months, will be open for public debate at a series of meetings throughout Greater London.

For details of venues and dates please ring the Police Committee Support Unit on 01-633 5942.

Free childcare available

GLC
Working for London

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

Christopher Price

The *Daily Telegraph* was wrong last Friday to describe as a 'snub' the refusal of Sir Robert Armstrong, the Cabinet Secretary, to appear before the Education Select Committee; the episode was more of a gentle skirmish around the edges of the delicate constitutional relationship between parliamentary committees and the Executive – but it bears recounting, as a paradigm of the English passion for secrecy. We were wanting to probe the access of historians to history – or at any rate those bits of it locked up in government archives for more than 30 years. In particular, we wanted to know why foreign 'intercepts' during the Second World War are now open, while those before 1939 are still secret. Sir Robert gave us the answer ('Enemies in wartime expect you to spy on them, but friends in peacetime don't'), but firmly declined our invitation to come personally and comment further. It was outside our terms of reference, he said, and John Biffen, the Leader of the House, had told him not to come. (1-0 to Armstrong.) But Sir Robert was wrong; we interpret our terms of reference; he has nothing to do with them. (1-1) Ah yes, but Sir R. interprets the parameters of 'security' and he was saying that spying in the 1920s and 1930s was 'security'; and select committees had accepted, 15 years ago, a piece of exclusionary small print on security, penned by a Biffen predecessor – one R. Crossman, late of the *NS*. (2-1) But hadn't this government pledged not to obstruct select committees, which were its own especial creation. Ye-e-es, said Biffen; supposing two, rather more junior cabinet office folk appeared in lieu of Sir Robert. Might that fill the bill? They duly appeared. (2-2) With a general election imminent, we settled for a draw, and the correspondence is closed for the time being; but it should help our successors, after the election, in future negotiations of this kind; as should two recommendations of our grandest Committee of all – the Liaison Committee. They recently told committees just to go ahead and investigate 'security' matters; and called for a Judicial Committee to plug this last gap in the select committee system – the Lord Chancellor, who is nominally in charge of Public Records, is theoretically still exempt from accountability to the House.

○

We might have used the ultimate secret weapon of every select committee – our Warrant Officer, Miss Mary Frampton. We could have sent her round Parliament Square on her bicycle to No. 70 Whitehall to collect Sir Robert from the Cabinet Office; the Energy Committee recently employed her formidable services with success against Arthur Scargill. But it wasn't really necessary, as the key to how Cabinet Office secrets are selected and locked away beyond the normal 30-year deadline was eventually revealed by Sir Robert's two minions. Four middling functionaries – Higher Executive Officers – are brought out of retirement to moonlight their dotage away, putting aside those delicate secrets which it would be improper for us ordinary mortals to know during our lifetime. Occasionally the blanket of secrecy is accidentally penetrated. Lloyd George simply scooped up some of the 1920s spy stories for his memoirs and put the papers in the Lords Record Office. But Sir Robert was most reassuring on that score; such behaviour will never be allowed again by Thatcher, Callaghan, Wilson or anyone else. The rules have been changed – by one of his predecessors.

○

It is not just 'security' which relegates history to oblivion. 'Embarrassment' is the other excuse, though this can sometimes backfire. Years ago, material on the hunger marches of the 1930s was kept closed, purportedly out of tenderness towards Will Paynter, the former mineworkers' general secretary – until he was acquainted of the excuse and declared himself most unembarrassed and, indeed, anxious for the documents to be published. More recently the powers that be have tried to use Lady Diana Mosley in much the same way to conceal the way we treated her husband, but she too has readily waived her susceptibilities. Much of the remaining 'embarrassment' material is Royal Family closet secrets, which, if revealed, it is thought,

might mark the end of England as we know it. The Abdication documents are closed till 2037. So I'm looking forward to 1992, the centenary of the death of Queen Victoria's eldest grandson, the Duke of Clarence, when we shall learn whether he was really Jack the Ripper or not. But I think we should be told now.

○

I don't know whether Maggie may or will have a June election; certainly Tory MPs are everywhere salivating at the prospect and the Conservative agents – a loyal and underpaid brood – almost unanimously recommended June when summoned to London this week. But Sources Close to the Prime Minister are still blowing hot and cold at those 11am briefings to which our tame lobby journalists so faithfully troop each morning. Without doubt the decks are being cleared and orders have gone out to remove any possible unsightly obstacle in its path. That's the only explanation for the concessions on the Police Bill which Patrick Mayhew was handing out to representatives of the NUJ last week as though it was the last day of Selfridge's sale. Immunity from police raids? No problem. Answerability to the courts rather than the police? Granted. Were they sure there was nothing else they wanted? *Her* determination not to go into an election with the bishops, doctors and the press against her has predictably set the police grumbling. They had not realised that *she* would act in quite so cynical a manner, once her projected Law and Order Bill had got out of hand and turned itself into a test of civil liberties. The Police Federation is now sensibly stitching up a deal with the Law Society, bartering acquiescence over tape recordings of interviews and an independent prosecuting system for further trade union rights for their members. If by some quirk the Bill survives, it could pass into law with some of its worst warts removed. But it remains an ugly animal.

ROGER WODDIS

Lord Dacre

Who Believed what he was Told, and thereby nearly ruined his Historical Career

Lord Dacre from his earliest days
Was used to universal praise.
Thus, having satisfied his thirst
To go and gain an Oxford First,
He carved himself a Bright Career
And so in time was made a Peer.
Hugh Trevor-Roper won acclaim
(For that was Dacre's former name)
Through knowing All There Was To Know
Of things that happened long ago,
But specially and most of all,
He wrote a book on Hitler's Fall.

His Reputation was so high,
He came to cast an Expert Eye
On Hitler's diaries, said to be
Of doubtful authenticity.
'Such doubts,' he cried, 'can be dismissed!
They're written in the Führer's Fist,
For which the evidence is strong –
But then again, I could be Wrong.'

When time exposed the so-called Scoop,
He smiled at being made a Dupe –
'The whole of history is a Hoax.'
Lord Dacre liked his little jokes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOCAL RULING

LOCAL GOVERNMENT: the very words are enough to induce a yawn. If there is one phrase which is even more soporific, it is 'local government finance'. This is unfortunate, since local government finance is at the heart of next week's elections. Labour's campaign poster shows a man (as always) being squeezed in an enormous vice. 'Caught in the Tory trap?' the caption asks. 'Vote Labour for the local services *you need*.'

The Tory trap in question is an elaborate system of grant abatements, holdbacks, penalties and other paraphernalia attached to the Rate Support Grant. It is not an easy subject with which to inspire the voters ('Vote Labour for the multiple regression formulae *you need*'), and few candidates are likely to address themselves to it. Yet it ought to be faced. Council services have to be paid for, and the need to find an equitable way of financing them is now urgent.

As the graph on p.21 shows, the proportion of local councils' income coming from central grants (rather than from locally-raised revenue) has grown rapidly in recent years. In 1976, the Layfield Committee on local authorities' finance noted this trend and remarked that central government 'cannot provide local authorities with a preponderant share of their income . . . without sooner or later taking responsibility for their expenditure'. This has now come to pass, in the form of the devilish block grant, which severely penalises 'overspenders'.

Not surprisingly, Labour councillors and MPs have howled at the wickedness of a Tory government interfering with the 'local autonomy' of democratically-elected councils. It has been conveniently forgotten that the first official recommendation of such central control over local authorities came from the last *Labour* government. A Green Paper, published in 1977, proposed the creation of a block grant very like the one Michael Heseltine finally introduced. This was because 'central government needs to be able to exert more effective influence over total local authority expenditure'.

Today, the Labour Party claims to be a reformed character. In its policy document, published last month, Labour promised to abolish the present block grant, particularly its financial ceilings and penalties.

But what should be put in its place? As Layfield pointed out, local authorities are unlikely to achieve greater autonomy unless they are able to raise a much greater share of their revenue themselves. This cannot be done under the present rates system, which has become horribly distorted. Layfield's solution was a reformed rating system in tandem with a Local Income Tax. The Social Democrats also favour a Local Income Tax, while Labour is studiously non-committal.

However, Labour's lack of a clear policy is as nothing compared with Mrs Thatcher's problem. She came to power committed to abolishing the rates 'within the lifetime of a parliament'. But in January this year a cabinet committee, chaired by Willie Whitelaw, told her that there was no alternative to the rates, given that she will not countenance the idea of a Local Income Tax. As a palliative, it recommended instead that she should abolish the metropolitan counties. Undaunted, she said that she liked the idea of a local sales tax. Even her colleagues accepted that this tax would be unworkable (and would also upset Thatcher's sacred cow, the low inflation rate). With a general election looming, Thatcher has to have some alternative to the rates to put into her manifesto. It will be amusing and instructive to see how she wriggles out of her own version of the Tory trap.

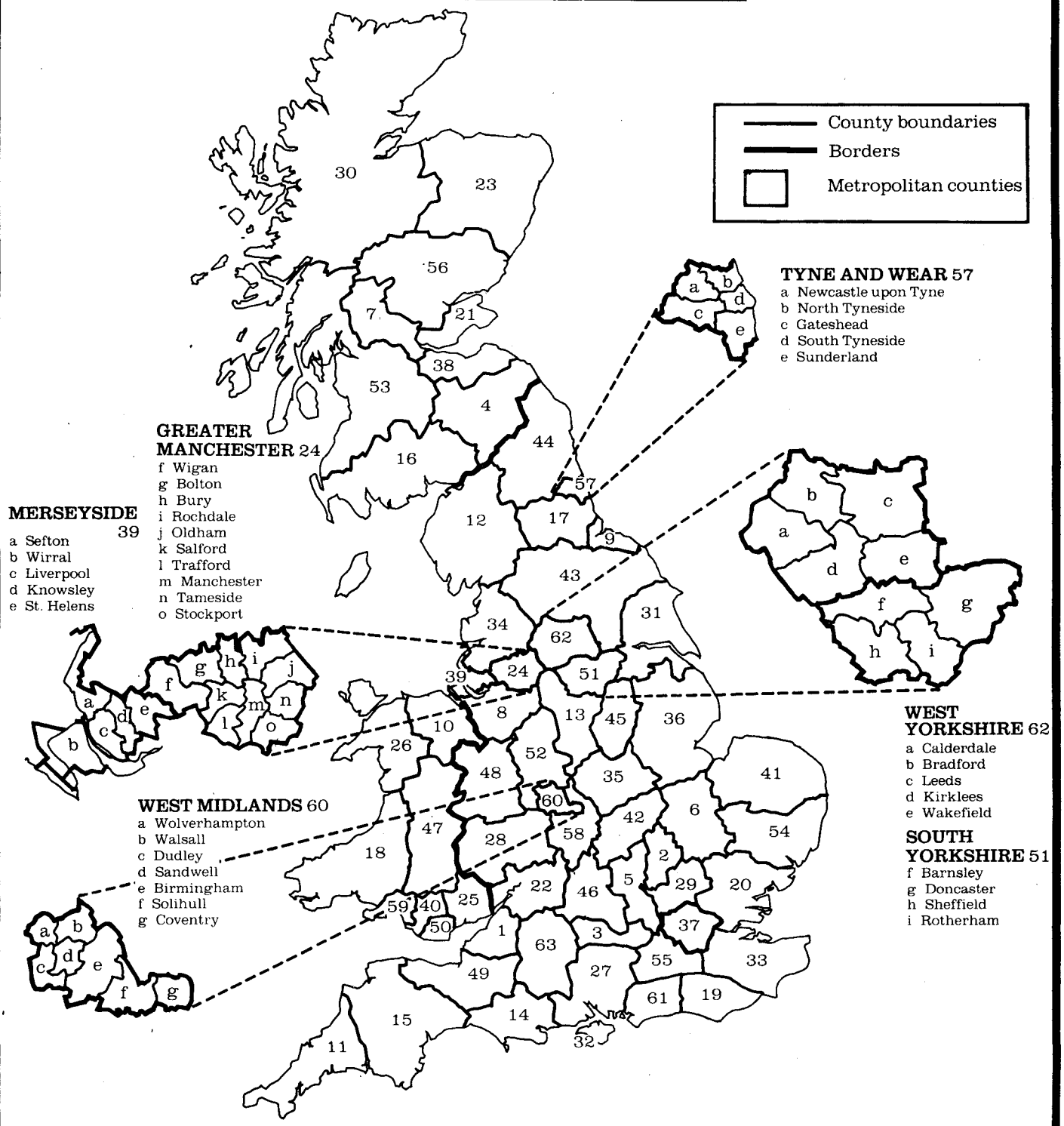
Francis Wheen

	ENGLAND AND WALES					SCOTLAND	
Types of authority	**Metropolitan counties***	**Met. districts***	**Non-met. counties**	**Non-met. districts**	**Parish & Community councils**	**Regional councils**	**District councils**
Functions	Planning: includes structure plans, some development control Public transport Highways & traffic (incl. parking) Refuse disposal Consumer protection Fire service Police	Education Libraries Personal social services Housing Local planning & development control Refuse collection Health & safety	Education Libraries Personal social services Transport planning (but not operation) Planning: incl. structure plans, some devel. control Highways & traffic (incl. parking) Refuse disposal Consumer protection Fire service Police	Housing Local planning & development control Health & safety Local bus services (in some areas) Refuse collection (except in Wales, where it is a county function)	Provision of some amenities (e.g. village halls, playing fields) Upkeep & signposting of footpaths & bridleways Consultation with counties & districts on planning, transport etc.	Education Water, sewerage & drainage Transport & highways Strategic planning Social work Police Fire service Consumer protection Industrial promotion	Housing Refuse collection & disposal Environmental health Libraries Leisure & recreation Countryside Nature reserves & tourism Local planning
	Shared functions: museums & art galleries; acquisition & disposal of land; airports; parks & open spaces; physical recreation & swimming pools; creation, protection, diversion & abolition of footpaths & bridleways; footway lighting					**Shared functions:** There are three island councils, which combine the functions of regions & districts except for fire & police, which are shared with Highland Regional Council	
Elections	Whole council elected every four years (last election 1981)	No election in year of county elections; in each of the other three years, one third of council is elected in rotation	Whole council elected every four years (last election 1981)	Most are elected as 'whole councils' every four years (1983 is election year for all these); the rest are elected one-third at a time, like met. districts	Whole council elected every four years: 1983 is election year (except in some non-met. areas where elections are arranged to coincide with elections for one third of district council)	Whole council elected every four years (last election 1982); island councils are elected at the same time	Whole council elected every four years (last election 1980)

**London is a special case, the most notable difference being that the Inner London Education Authority is responsible for education in the 13 inner London boroughs; in outer London, education is a function of the borough council. The GLC is elected in the same way, and at the same time, as other counties; London borough councils are elected whole every four years (last election 1982).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The counties of Britain



1 Avon
2 Bedford
3 Berkshire
4 Borders
5 Buckinghamshire
6 Cambridge
7 Central
8 Cheshire
9 Cleveland
10 Clwyd
11 Cornwall
12 Cumbria
13 Derbyshire
14 Dorset
15 Devon
16 Dumfries and Galloway
17 Durham
18 Dyfed
19 East Sussex
20 Essex
21 Fife
22 Gloucester
23 Grampian
24 Greater Manchester
25 Gwent
26 Gwynedd
27 Hampshire
28 Hereford and Worcester
29 Hertford
30 Highland
31 Humberside
32 Isle of Wight
33 Kent
34 Lancashire
35 Leicester
36 Lincoln
37 London
38 Lothian
39 Merseyside
40 Mid Glamorgan
41 Norfolk
42 Northampton
43 North Yorkshire
44 Northumberland
45 Nottinghamshire
46 Oxford
47 Powys
48 Shropshire (Salop)
49 Somerset
50 South Glamorgan
51 South Yorkshire
52 Staffordshire
53 Strathclyde
54 Suffolk
55 Surrey
56 Tayside
57 Tyne and Wear
58 Warwick
59 West Glamorgan
60 West Midlands
61 West Sussex
62 West Yorkshire
63 Wiltshire

Map by Stella Crew

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

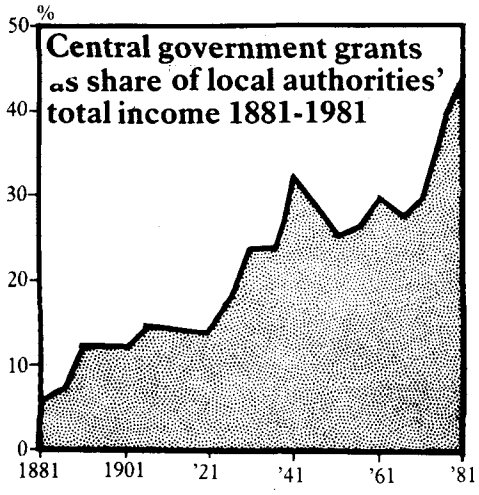
Seats to watch

Tory hopes: *Cardiff* (Labour has a five seat majority at the moment; the whole council is being re-elected, on new boundaries); *Carlisle* (Labour has a two seat majority; the whole council is being elected, on new boundaries); *Newark* (hung council; Tories need to gain four seats to win overall control); *Peterborough* (hung council; Tories need to gain five seats to win overall control); *Reading* (at the moment Tories are largest single party but three seats short of overall control; whole council being elected, on new boundaries); *Rugby* (Tories need to gain one seat to win overall control; one third of council being elected); *Shrewsbury and Atcham* (Tories need to gain one seat to win overall control; one third of council being elected); *South Kesteven* (Tories need to gain two seats for overall control).

Labour hopes: *Birmingham* (Tories have three-seat overall majority at the moment, Labour needs to gain six seats for control; one third of council being elected); *Bradford* (Labour needs to gain four seats for overall control; one third of council being elected); *Cambridge* (Labour two short of overall control; one third of council being elected).

Liberal/SDP Alliance hopes: *Chelmsford* (Tory-controlled at the moment, Alliance needs to gain eight seats to win control; whole council being elected); *Cheltenham* (Liberals three seats short of overall control at the moment; whole council being elected on new boundaries); *Newbury* (Tories have one-seat overall majority at the moment, Alliance needs to gain five seats to win control; whole council being elected, on new boundaries); *Worthing* (Alliance four seats short of overall control; whole council being elected, on new boundaries).

THE POSITION is most complicated on those councils where only a third of the seats are up for election. In *Walsall*, for example, Labour is only four seats short of overall contr ol. However, of those seats which are up for election next week a disproportionate number are already in Labour hands; it is therefore almost impossible for Labour to win back Walsall. Most councils where no party has overall control are likely to stay that way – most notably *Liverpool*, which is run by a minority Liberal administration.



150 years of local councils

1835: The Municipal Corporations Act, imbued with the spirit of the 1832 Reform Act, laid down that corporate boroughs should be elected by ratepayers, hold open meetings and have their accounts properly audited. The 1835 Royal Commission on the Municipal Corporations had reported that 'in general, the corporate funds are but partially applied to the municipal purposes such as the preservation of the peace by an efficient police, or in watching or in lighting the town, but they are frequently expended in feasting and paying the salaries of incompetent officers'.

1829-1872: Numerous local bodies were set up to deal with particular social problems. The Metropolitan Police were created in 1829, followed by borough police forces (1835) and county police (1839, 1856). In 1834 elected Boards of Guardians were set up to administer local poor relief; highways boards were created the following year. Elementary school boards came into being in 1870; the 1872 Public Health Act set up a comprehensive network of local health authorities and gave them statutory duties.

1888: The Local Government Act brought the democratic principles of the 1835 Act, which had affected only corporate boroughs, to the counties. It created 58 elected county councils, 82 independent county boroughs and the London County Council. Counties and county boroughs took over most duties of the Justices of the Peace who had made up the old, unelected county authorities: these included highways, police and asylums.

1894: Another Local Government Act created a second tier below the county councils, consisting of 535 urban district councils, 472 rural district councils and 270 borough councils. They took over the functions of the highways and public health boards, and some of the JP's functions.

1899: The London County Council also gained a second tier: 28 borough councils plus the City of London.

1902: Local authorities took over the functions of School Boards.

1909: Local authorities were empowered to control town planning (the powers were later extended to rural areas).

1931-37: The number of urban and rural district councils was cut by a third following a recommendation of the Royal Commission on Local Government.

1945-50: Local councils lost a number of their functions to central government and other public bodies, including the Regional Hospitals Boards, National Assistance Board, River Boards etc.

1963: The London Government Act created a new two-tier system. The Greater London Council was formed from the London County Council, Middlesex County Council and parts of Hertfordshire, Essex, Kent and Surrey. Beneath the GLC was a second tier of 32 borough councils and the City.

1966-69: Royal Commission on Local Government in England (under Lord Redcliffe-Maud) and Royal Commission on Local Government in Scotland (under Lord Wheatley). Redcliffe-Maud recommended concentrating all local government duties into 58 single-tier authorities covering all England except the three most densely-populated metropolitan areas, where a two-tier system would operate. There would also be hundreds of little local councils, with very few powers, and eight huge 'provincial councils' to carry out strategic planning. In Scotland, Wheatley recommended a two-tier system of 37 district councils and eight regional councils; most powers would be concentrated in the regional authorities.

1972: Having rejected Redcliffe-Maud's suggestion of single-tier councils, the Tories introduced their Local Government Act for England and Wales. It reduced the number of county councils from 58 to 47, and created 333 district councils beneath them. Urban and rural district councils were abolished, as were the old county boroughs. Six metropolitan counties were created, with 36 metropolitan districts beneath them.

1973: The Local Government (Scotland) Act created nine regional councils, with 53 district councils beneath them. Three quasi-independent island councils were also set up (Shetland, Orkney and Western Isles). □

MONETARISM AND THE LOCAL STATE: BRIGHTON ON THE ROCKS

A LOOK AT LOCAL GOVERNMENT SPENDING, USING DETAILED ECONOMIC ANALYSIS, INTERVIEWS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

- The priorities of Tory local authorities exposed
- The truth about the rates Where they are spent and in whose interest
- Monetarism taken apart and explained for the layperson
- The human cost of the cuts and the fightback in the community and the workplace
- Alternative ways of organising locally
- A handbook for trade-unionists and community activists

192 pages. 116 photographs

PUBLISHED BY QUEENSPARK BOOKS

PRICE £3.95 plus 45p postage and packing

AVAILABLE FROM:
13 WEST DRIVE, BRIGHTON BN2 2DG

TRADE ORDERS AND BULK ORDERS WELCOME

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Breaking the boycott

Alan George reveals that the US is still importing Libyan oil, and Reagan's embargo was a mere 'stunt'

WHEN PRESIDENT REAGAN imposed a boycott on Libyan crude oil last March, it was in response to claims from US intelligence circles that Tripoli had sent 'hit squads' to assassinate him. The boycott has conspicuously failed to bring Libya to its knees. One US official has even admitted that it was never intended to have any practical impact – it was, he said, nothing but a propaganda exercise, designed to portray Reagan as a 'tough guy' who faced up squarely to his international opponents.

The oil embargo is one of a string of measures imposed by the US against Libya in an effort to isolate and destabilise Colonel Gaddafy's government. US firms are barred from exporting oil industry equipment; they cannot sell to Tripoli goods deemed to have actual or potential military application; all other goods require a validated export licence; and US citizens are forbidden from travelling to or through Libya. Last month, Reagan turned the screw with a petty regulation barring Libyan students from studying nuclear science and aviation-related subjects in America.

Before the Libyan oil boycott, the United States was one of Tripoli's most important customers. In 1981, Libya supplied 17.7 million tonnes, accounting for five per cent of total US oil imports. In the same year, Libya earned $5.5 billion from its oil exports to America. However, while Libyan oil revenues have fallen during the past year, this has been almost wholly the result of the international oil glut, with its resultant tumbling oil prices. Reagan's boycott appears to have had very little impact in terms of cutting the volume of Libyan oil sales overseas. In 1982 the north African state actually produced more oil than in 1981.

Europe has been the key to Libya's success. Last year, internal consumption of oil and oil products in the ten countries of the EEC declined by 4.9 per cent in response to the continuing economic recession (see table on opposite page). Overall imports into the EEC of oil and oil products fell by 4.5 per cent in line with the declining demand. Yet, in 1982, European imports of Libyan crude oil shot up by 12.8 per cent (see table). For some European countries, the rises were far more spectacular. Despite a sharp rise in North Sea production, Britain took 556 per cent more Libyan crude last year than in 1981. The figure for Belgium was 792 per cent.

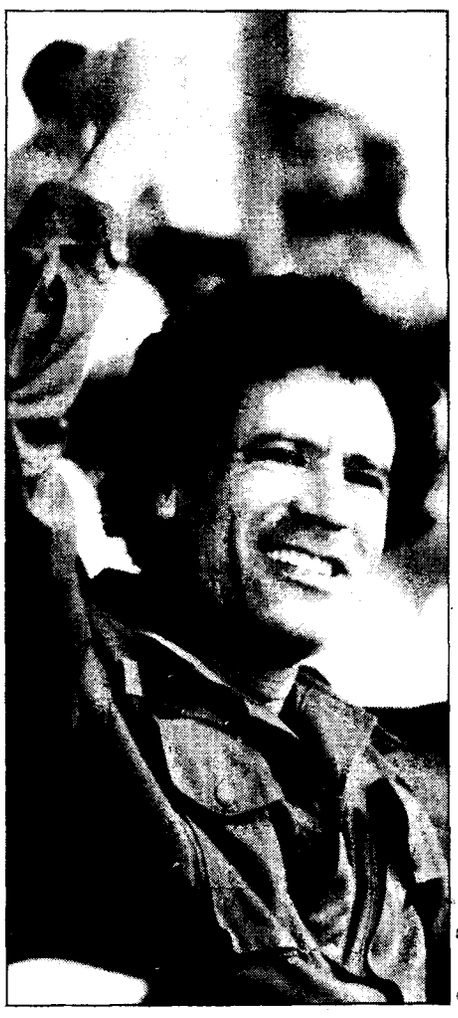
European import figures show another striking anomaly. Despite the clear drop in Europe's demand for oil, there was a 12 per cent increase in imports of Nigerian crude oil (see table).

Again, the two countries with the most spectacular rises were Britain (1,588.5 per cent) and Belgium (101.6 per cent).

Libyan oil is of high quality, much in demand for the refining of lighter products such as aviation fuels. Reagan's boycott therefore created a yawning gap in the US oil market that could be filled only by imports of similar crudes. Only Nigeria and the North Sea can offer oil of the required quality in the necessary volumes. Certainly Britain has acted to meet US demand. Exports to the United States from the North Sea went up by 18 per cent last year.

It appears that much of the Libyan and Nigerian oil imported into Europe is being used to compensate for the European oil being diverted to America. This arrangement would suit Nigeria. If it simply boosted direct shipments to the United States, it would stand accused of taking open advantage of a US trade boycott of a fellow OAU member state to increase its oil sales.

Gaddafy: keeping the oil river flowing



Camera Press

CERTAINLY, WHEN THE Americans were preparing for their embargo against Libyan oil, they assigned some such role to Nigeria. In December 1981, the then US Secretary of State Alexander Haig met in Brussels with the Nigerian Foreign Minister Ishaya Audu. On 14 December 1981, the *International Herald Tribune* disclosed that Haig had talked to Audu 'about oil purchases that could make up the difference in US imports if Washington decided to embargo Libyan oil'. The paper added that the US 'favoured an increase in Nigerian oil production, primarily to benefit Western Europe if there is a halt or curtailment in Libyan oil exports'.

Reagan's embargo, however, does not cover refined products, and some of the Libyan oil entering Europe is merely being refined and then sent on to the United States.

Examples have been reported of both modes of sanctions breaking. On 14 May last year, the *Wall Street Journal* disclosed that the Amerada Hess Corporation, an American oil company that operates in Libya as a partner in the Oasis group, had agreed to circumvent the Reagan embargo 'by exchanging Libyan oil in Europe for oil that can be brought into the United States'. The paper added that Marathon and Conoco, Amerada's two partners in Oasis, 'had approved' the arrangement.

Evidence that Libyan crude oil is being sent on to the United States after being refined in Europe came in a Reuter news agency despatch on 4 December last. The report detailed an arrangement under which two small US oil firms, Coastal and Coastal Charter, respectively refine 150,000 barrels per day and 100,000 barrels per day in Antwerp and the Bahamas, then ship the products to the United States.

The way that Libyan and Nigerian crude oil is reaching the US via Europe is common knowledge in the oil trade and among British officials. Sally Clubley, research analyst for the respected London commodity brokers Premier Man, said that she was '99.5 per cent sure that it is happening. Everybody knows it's been happening, but nobody is willing to talk about it'.

Asked why Britain was importing so much apparently unneeded oil from Libya, a Whitehall official said: 'As far as we can gather, it does not represent a genuine import.' It appeared, he added, that oil companies were bringing Libyan oil to Britain, refining it, and then disposing of it on the spot market – the open market in oil – or 'by various means sending it to the United States'. Another British official said that the most likely explanation for the high imports of Libyan crude was that the oil was 'being refined here and then sent on'.

The oil companies operating in Libya are anxious to avoid publicity. One executive of Amerada Hess told me that there was no information on the subject in their London office. But immediately afterwards, one of his colleagues told me bluntly that they were 'not allowed to give any information on Li-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Libya's oil exports to Europe (000 tonnes)

	1981	1982	% change
W. Germany	10,461	10,983	+5
France	1,479	2,428	+64.2
Italy	10,527	7,948 (Jan-Oct)	−24.5
Netherlands	703	1,465	+108
Belgium	339	3,025	+792.3
UK	300	1,968	+556
Greece	3,175	2,614	−17.7
TOTAL	26,984	30,431	+12.8

Nigeria's oil exports to Europe (000 tonnes)

	1981	1982	% change
W. Germany	5,169	6,638	+28.4
France	5,612	6,594	+17.5
Italy	2,333	2,660 (Jan-Oct)	+14
Netherlands	5,026	2,295	−54.3
Belgium	996	2,008	+101.6
UK	104	1,756	+1,588.5
Denmark	502	144	−42.6
TOTAL	19,742	22,095	+12

bya'. An Occidental spokesman said: 'We have no comment to make.' The Italian state oil company ENI said: 'We really can't help you on this. We just don't give out information on Libya. Not at the moment.'

In late 1981, when the US was preparing to implement its boycott of Libyan oil, President Reagan declared that it could only work if it was applied 'on a worldwide basis'. But Europe, the other major western market for Libyan oil, spurned entreaties from Washington to cooperate in the planned embargo. When the Americans went ahead unilaterally, they must, therefore, have been fully conscious that their action would be futile.

I suggested to an Administration oil official in Washington that the whole exercise had been nothing but a cynical public relations operation, aimed at bolstering Reagan's image. He replied: 'Of course, you're right. Of course it has no real impact. Boycotts never work.' President Reagan's embargo on Libyan oil, he added, 'was for public consumption. In American politics, the appearance of righteousness is far more important than the righteousness itself.' □

LEBANON

Behind the blast

Julie Flint asks: who bombed the US embassy?

Beirut

IT IS QUITE likely that the identity of the men who blew up the American Embassy on 18 April will never be known. It is equally likely that, whoever they were, they came from none of the three groups who have so far claimed responsibility.

The 'Arab Socialist Unionists' and the 'Vengeance Organisation for the Martyrs of Sabra and Chatila' had not been heard of before they claimed responsibility for the attack and were forgotten soon after. The 'Islamic Jihad', or Holy War, the first to put in a claim, was taken more seriously. Its name had already surfaced six weeks earlier when it claimed responsibility for shooting up, rather ineffectively, a patrol of American peacekeepers. The group, if it exists, is thought to be an arm of the pro-Iranian 'Islamic Amal' movement, blamed for kidnapping David Dodge, the acting head of Beirut's American University, last July.

Lebanese officials do not rule out a Shiite connection, but think the devastating bomb blast, which killed at least 63 (with eight more still missing), more likely to be part of a 'secret service war' involving either Israel or Syria. Both Israel and Syria have good cause to dislike America's Middle East policy. Both have compelling reasons for wanting to keep their armies in Lebanon if the US-sponsored troop withdrawal talks do not go as they want.

Left-wing suspicions that the Embassy bombing was an Israeli operation – designed to discourage American efforts to arrange a withdrawal from Lebanon, to freeze West Bank settlement, and, as President Reagan announced 48 hours before the bombing, to get the Golan Heights returned to Syria – were reinforced by Israel's haste in drawing conclusions that played into its own political hand. Within 24 hours of the attack, Israeli officials were arguing that the terror in Beirut strengthened their case for a prominent security role in south Lebanon, where, it was implied, the Lebanese army and multi-national force would be no more effective than they had been in Beirut.

There are known precedents for the use of terror as an instrument of Israel policy. In the 'Lavon affair' of 1954, Israeli agents bombed American institutions in Egypt in an attempt to cut short a new rapprochement between Washington and Cairo. Years after the ring was uncovered (and two men hanged) it transpired that the attacks were not ordered, as had been thought, by the Defence Minister, Pinhas Lavon. If not directly ordered by David Ben Gurion himself, the directions came from his protégés within the defence and intelligence establishments.

More recently, in July 1980, according to the Israeli scholar Amos Perlmutter, Professor of Political Science at the American University in Washington (as recounted in his book *Two Minutes over Baghdad*), the Israeli intelligence service Mossad ordered bomb attacks against the offices and home of the general manager of SNIA, an Italian company constructing laboratories for Iraq's Tamuz nuclear reactor, which Israeli planes bombed 11 months later. The attacks were claimed by an organisation calling itself 'The Committee to Safeguard the Islamic Revolution', suggesting a pro-Khomeini group. But Perlmutter says they were a sequel to the Mossad attacks on German scientists working on Egypt's nuclear programme in the early 1960s.

If Israel had no part in the bombing, Syria probably did. As Lebanon's negotiations with Israel reach a make-or-break point, Syria clearly feels it timely to remind Washington that its interests are not to be forgotten. As the government daily *Tichrin* pointed out on the eve of the blast, Lebanon's Bekaa Valley town of Shtaura is closer to Damascus than any Syrian town is. Nor would such a reminder be unwelcome to the Soviet Union, Syria's ally and arms supplier, as the new Soviet leader, Yuri Andropov, tries to reassert Moscow's damaged influence in the Middle East. □

INDEX on CENSORSHIP

How many of these topics concern you?

* **Survival of literature in Eastern Europe**
* **Reporting the Falklands**
* **Freedom to broadcast in Africa**
* **Book burning in the USA**
* **Censoring music in Latin America**
* **Vietnam — a culture destroyed**

These are all topics covered in recent issues of *Index on Censorship*, the journal devoted to the defence of freedom of expression worldwide.

Index's coverage is wide ranging and politically impartial covering the press, broadcasting, literature and the arts, academic and scientific freedom. It also publishes regularly banned literature and poetry.

'*Index on Censorship* is an invaluable, politically disinterested monitor of political repression the world over' Tom Stoppard 'needs to be read by anyone who wants to know his time' Arthur Miller.

Yes I would like one year's subscription to Index on Censorship at £12 (6 issues)

I enclose cheque/money order for £_____

Return this form to:
Index on Censorship
21 Russell St, Covent Garden,
London WC2B 5HP, UK

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUSTRIA

Father figure

Andrew Csepel considers Bruno Kreisky's legacy

Vienna

BRUNO KREISKY became Chancellor of Austria in 1970 as an exemplary product of the Austrian political system. He leaves behind him a structure which appears little more than a projection of himself.

The rest of the world regarded Kreisky as a wise old statesman, with an occasional penchant for being provocative. His widely publicised meetings with Yasser Arafat received as much attention outside Austria as in. Yet it is significant that, in the plethora of political obituaries now swamping the Austrian press, hardly a line is devoted to his foreign policy. For Kreisky himself, this was the icing on the cake; for the Austrian electorate, it was largely irrelevant.

Abroad, Kreisky's 13 years in office have been paraded by social democrats everywhere as evidence that reformist socialist democracy can guarantee the social security of the working class while still enjoying the confidence of private industry. In Austria, his reign has long since become part of his country's political mythology. There is no doubt that Kreisky's achievements have been remarkable. But the latter half of his time as Chancellor has cast doubts on much of the lavish praise bestowed on his political wisdom by admirers like Denis Healey.

Austria occupies a unique place in the economic history of post-war Europe. It nationalised all its heavy industry in 1945; yet still retained a basic market economy. In the 1950s and 1960s, the industrial strategy of the *Sozialpartnerschaft* (social partnership) was agreed upon by a 'grand coalition' of Kreisky's party, the SPO (Socialist Party of Austria), and the conservative OVP (Austrian People's Party). The creation of a series of extra-parliamentary commissions and councils institutionalised the policy of *Sozialpartnerschaft*, which, in the words of a leading SPO theorist, was designed to 'transfer the class struggle onto the card table'. It was, above all, the parity commission for wages and prices that ensured that Austria will always have an incomes policy, regardless of who is in power. The country has been moulded into the corporate-bureaucratic state *par excellence*.

After a year of his being head of a coalition government, Kreisky's party won absolute majority in 1971. His greatest political asset has always been his ability to anticipate the moods and needs of the electorate, and this was never better demonstrated than when he first arrived in office. Together with the leadership of the OGB (Austrian Trades Union) he introduced a series of overdue and popular measures: the 40-hour week; a minimum annual holiday of four weeks; a liberal abortion law; and a thorough revision of the country's rather archaic education system. With the OVP in disarray, Kreisky offered a hand of friendship to the leaders of industry and representatives of the crucial private sector.

The triumvirate of government, unions and management has been devising and executing economic and social policy throughout the '70s in a most friendly atmosphere. Living standards have risen slowly but perceptibly; unemployment (although considered catastrophic) is only just approaching five per cent; while inflation has yet to cross the four per cent barrier. Things could hardly appear better.

While he was always prepared to act upon the requirements of his voters, Kreisky was not averse, if it was politically expedient, to kicking those least able to defend themselves. In 1975 and 1977 when unemployment was rising, because of the extensive state control in industry, he was able to introduce a programme of 're-education' in vast concerns like Vöest, the steel complex in Linz. Although sold to the public without a lot of pomp and circumstance, this was little more than a glorified MSC programme. Simultaneously, but more discreetly, scores of thousands of foreign *Gastarbeiter* were being made redundant, with an unsympathetic trades union looking on – since the policy did, of course, cushion the indigenous working class.

The most ostentatious flaw in the cosy world of 'Austro-Keynsianism', during the Kreisky period, has been the corruption. This has reached mind-boggling proportions, with Kreisky surviving more than one scandal, although corruption has never been attributed to Kreisky himself. The most astonishing was the discovery of the 'Androsch Mafia'. In 1979, the Vice-Chancellor and Finance Minister, Hannes Androsch, was implicated in a bribery scandal. Slowly, an unholy network of his friends was discovered in leading industrial, union and government posts. He was disgraced, sacked, then politically exiled to the humble post of head of Creditanstalt, Austria's largest bank.

When he took up office, Kreisky's supporters talked much of the need for a thorough 'democratisation of all areas in society'. In fact, Kreisky's policies have done anything but encourage this. The SPO is a massive bureaucracy which is in danger of becoming synonymous with the State. There are no such things as militant shop stewards, because all industrial grievances are swiftly whisked from shop floor to 'card table' to be smoothed out by employers and union functionaries. Political activity, except for that of a few committed Leftists, and the disturbingly ubiquitous neo-Fascists, consists of going to the polling booths every four years – and hibernating in the meantime.

Kreisky is greatly admired in Austria by people from all parties. He has not, however, erected a model social-democratic state. He has been a benevolent, but paternalistic and bureaucratic leader. □

WEST GERMANY

Paying up

Richard Burns reports on the price of free speech

THIS SUMMER Bavaria may become the first of West Germany's Länder to enact a law obliging certain gatherings to pay for the cost of their policing. The first reading of the bill proposed by the right-wing Christian Social Union (CSU), demanding that those who disturb the peace should be charged money, took place last Thursday. The law could take effect from 1 July.

'I, and the overwhelming majority of the population, find the cry that has gone up from the SPD against this initiative absolutely incomprehensible', the CSU spokesman for internal affairs told reporters. The SPD has pointed out that the bill would not only curtail individuals' freedom to associate, but that it would do so at a particularly critical moment. It has been timed to pre-empt what the 'Greens' and anti-nuclear groups have called their 'hot autumn' of campaigns against the stationing of the first Pershing IIs in West Germany.

The CSU denies charges of a political manoeuvre. It claims that the right to demonstrate will in no way be infringed and that the proposal is in line with paragraph 8 of the country's constitution, which permits any demonstration so long as it does not interfere with other people. The law, it says, would be applied equally to football hooligans, squatters and political demonstrators – but only to those who *abuse* the existing 'association' laws. 'A person who can afford the luxury of being carried away by the police,' says August Lang, Bavaria's Justice Minister, 'must also carry the cost.' It would be an abuse of these laws, to cite the Minister's example, if barricades or demonstrators blocking access to military installations had to be removed.

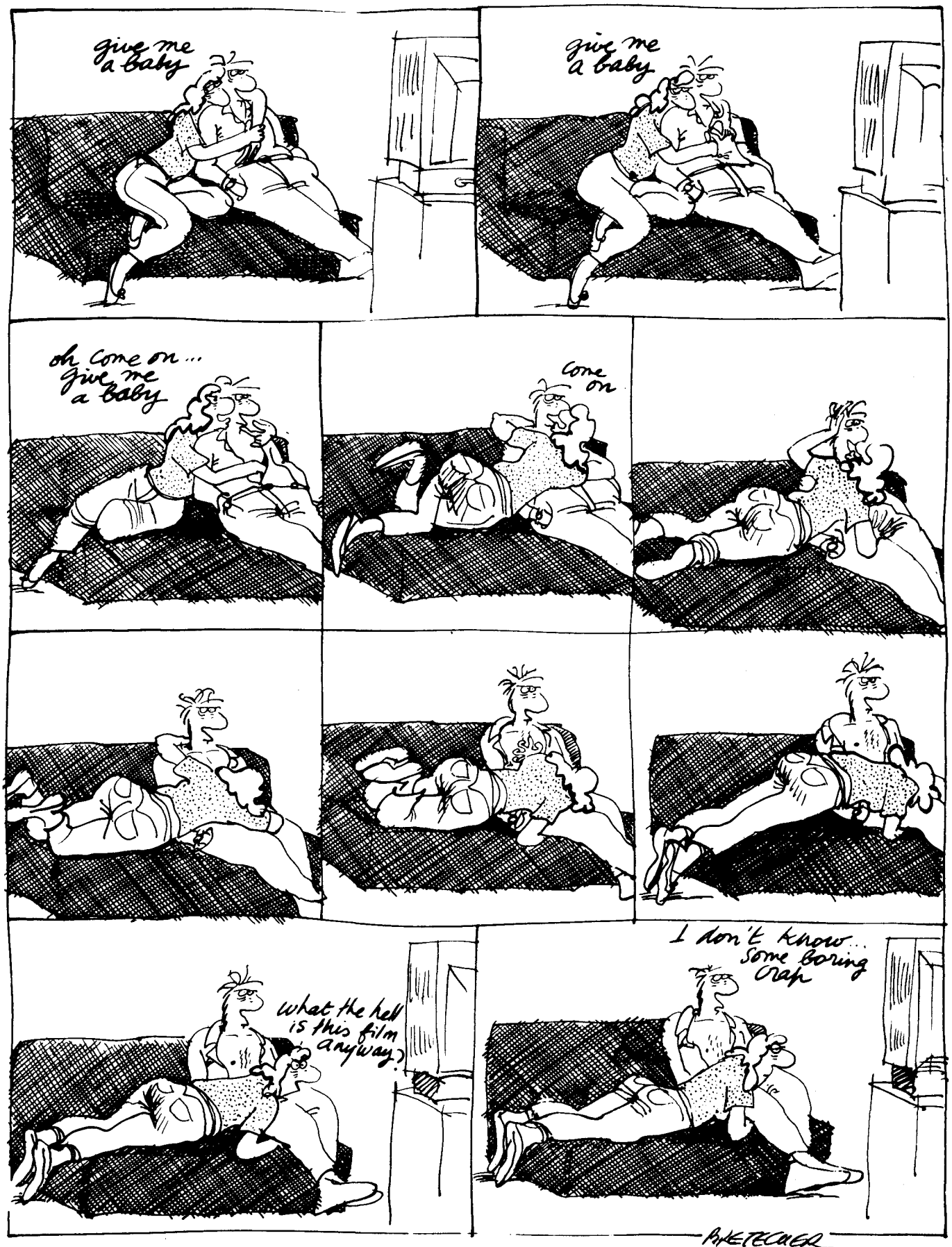
Bavaria has been guided by the *Verordnung* issued by Baden-Würtemberg's Interior Ministry of last November. Although a *Verordnung* has a lower status in the Federal legal system than a law, and emanates from a ministry and not from parliament, it is still binding.

Before this decree, no one had seriously considered the possibility of the police receiving fees in this way. So far the Baden-Würtemberg CDU government has not tried to use it.

The Bavarian government can, however, use the Baden-Würtenberg 'price list' for comparisons. There it would cost DM38 (about £10) to be carried off by a policeman. The Bavarian Interior Ministry has indicated that its prices will begin at a minimum of DM35 per hour per policeman. It is also considering demanding a 'deposit' before a demonstration takes place. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRETECHER
spring evening


give me a baby
give me a baby
oh come on... give me a baby
come on
what the hell is this film anyway?
I don't know... some boring crap
BRETECHER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Craig Raine

Standing out in storms

The World of Henri Rousseau
YANN LE PICHON *Phaidon* £30

Nowadays, Henri Rousseau is a lazily accepted member of the modernist pantheon, just as he was once automatically reviled. In fact, he is a very uneven painter, though that may seem a paradoxical charge to lay against a primitive, the *donnée* of whose work is a necessary technical incompetence. All the same, it remains true that his greatest pictures ('A Carnival Evening', 'The Promenade', 'Football Players', 'Surprised!', 'One Centennial of Independence', 'The Snake Charmer', 'The Sleeping Gypsy' and 'The Dream') are few, however remarkable. Other paintings are less successful and there are a great many straightforward bummers. Unless we recognise this scale of achievement, we are in danger of patronising Rousseau just as much as his early detractors did. While we congratulate ourselves on a broad-minded generosity, we are merely indulging our sentimentality.

Henri Rousseau painted in pidgin, so to speak. His simplicity is quite different from that of, say, Matisse. Matisse solves his artistic problems elegantly in two lines, with brilliant intuitive formulae which then find their way into the hands of lesser artists. Rousseau, by contrast, is invariably long-winded and garrulous. His problems are all solved in longhand on the backs of huge manila envelopes: the pictures are a long sum, a painstaking accumulation, complete with the odd mistake in the working. And it is here, of course, that his particular charm resides. Because the sophisticated vocabulary of the academic painters he admired was beyond him – a closed lexicon – he invented a new periphrastic language with its own charm. Just as the pidgin speaker has no word for helicopter or piano, and therefore invents 'mixmaster b'long Jesus Christ' and 'man im bockis you fight him he cry', so the best of Rousseau capitalises on his limitations. His paintings thus manage to avoid the deadness of academic technique and provide instead a periphrastic freshness.

***Football Players* by Henri Rousseau**

There are two reasons for his popularity. The modernists adopted him because, in his unschooled way, he blundered unconsciously towards an approximation of their own position. In all the arts, there comes a point when what were originally artistic discoveries dwindle by dissemination into mere technical tricks. As Matisse said, 'It is perilous to fall under the influence of the masters of one's own epoch, because the language is too close to ours, and one risks taking the letter for the spirit.' Thus Picasso makes Juan Gris his postman, bequeathing him the cubist style to popularise, while he himself moves on to new discoveries. On the face of it, Rousseau appears similarly innovative, if by default.

The second reason for Rousseau's acclaim is more complex. There are painters like Holbein, Memling and Carpaccio who raise technique to such a pitch that it becomes invisible. Take, for instance, Holbein's portrait of Sir Richard Southwell in the Uffizi: we register the spoilt mouth, the incipient double-chin, the jaw-line dark with closely shaven bristles, the scar on the neck. We do not register the medium. It does not exist. We see only *das Ding an sich* – a scar. Or in a Giorgione, the technical problem of rendering fur is so achieved that we see only fur. Modern painting is a self-referring, self-conscious language: 'An artist should observe nature but never confuse it with painting', Picasso told Brassai. 'It is only translatable into painting by signs.' And to Pignon he observed: 'I don't want to do a nude as a nude. I want only to say breast, *say* foot, *say* hand or belly.' This kind of sign language solicits the viewer to admire the ingenious economy of its signs – a toy car for a gorilla's face, handlebars and a saddle for a bull. The medium is no longer invisible, so that Degas's 'Woman Sponging Her Leg in the Bath' invites our admiration: the water isn't only water; it's also flakes of lime-green pastel, a breath-taking illusion, which elicits our praise by drawing attention to the sign.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rousseau, of course, was inarticulate by comparison. But we are never allowed to forget technique in his work. It is always visible and often clumsy. In this curious way, he joins the moderns. However, compare one of his jungle masterpieces, 'Surprised!', with one of his jungle failures ('Fight Between a Jaguar and a Horse' or 'The Lion Hunter') and you rapidly discover the limitations of a limited technique. Everyone is familiar with 'Surprised!' Substitute a Stubbs tiger for Rousseau's domestic cat, which looks as if it has just been propelled outdoors by a pair of rubber-soled tartan slippers, and the whole effect would vanish. The 'failure' of technique is finely balanced. Similarly, the repeated unifying motif of stripes in the painting is ostentatious to just the right degree. We are button-holed without being bored. The lightning and the weather effects are bold but uncliché-ed. In 'The Lion Hunter', on the other hand, the endearing becomes merely ludicrous, the lion's snarl the grin of teeth fresh from a tumbler of Steradent. And in 'Fight Between a Jaguar and a Horse', the disarray of the horse's mane is mechanically mirrored in the vegetation. The discovery of 'Surprised!' has become a cliché, a monotonous repetition. In his jungle paintings, there is, despite a copious surface, a paucity of signs, so that in 'The Lion's Meal' we encounter bunches of bananas which dutifully echo the lion's mane and protuberant ears.

Rousseau enthusiasts usually appeal to poetry. But they are using the word in a very limited sense – one related to poetic licence, which in the end says no more than that the paintings are inaccurate because they are inaccurate. Rousseau has two great strengths: he is a brilliant colourist, whose canvases are rendered null by black and white reproduction, and he is, at his best, a master of atmosphere. 'The Sleeping Gypsy', for example, has a satisfyingly simple organisation – the lute and the vase taking up the rigid posture and the striped caftan of the sleeping negress – but nothing can really explain the painting's haunted emptiness. Is it because the palomino lion is at once dreamlike and realistic? Or is it to do with Rousseau's uncharacteristically bare canvas? Why does 'Football Players' succeed? On the one hand, there is a ludicrous Spot-the-Ball quality of unrealism. No one is looking at the ball. On the other hand, there is something strangely and accidentally compelling in the figures: they aren't simply paralleled; they are eery twins. Randall Jarrell said that 'a good poet is someone who manages, in a lifetime of standing out in thunderstorms, to be struck by lightning five or six times; a dozen or two dozen times and he is great.' Rousseau isn't a great painter; he is a good painter – and the evidence is here in this beautifully produced book of reproductions, which are accompanied by sources and analogues. There is a useful biographical table at the back of the book. Otherwise, forget the text: it is tawdry, incoherent, bogusly psychoanalytical and pretentious as only the French can be. And badly translated to boot. □

IRAN
Francis Wheen

Pootering for Persia

In the Service of the Peacock Throne
PARVIZ C. RADJI *Hamish Hamilton* £12.50

What does it feel like to be paid to defend the indefensible? Parviz Radji is well qualified to tell us. He was the Shah of Iran's last ambassador to London, and this is the diary which he kept throughout his period in office. Or rather, it is as much of the diary as the libel lawyers have been prepared to allow. Despite the numerous excisions, it is a most valuable book.

Radji's feelings towards the Shah were ambivalent. In public, of course, he had to defend His Imperial Majesty (HIM, as he is called throughout the book) against all criticism – of which there was plenty. Privately, he was not so sure. He was worried by the Shah's 'false priorities and disastrous economic policies, his military grandiosity and obsession with everything that flies and fires, his unquenchable thirst for flattery and his breathtaking insensitivity to the feelings of his own people, his vainglory and ceaseless lecturing'. Yet Radji also believed that the alternative would be far worse.

Radji's hope was that the Shah would 'modify' his authoritarian and corrupt regime in order to avoid the kind of violent upheaval which did, in the end, take place. However, given the Shah's vainglory and intolerance, Radji could hardly make this suggestion directly; the best he could do was to drop hints and dress them up in yards of flattery. Even so, he still received several stinging rebukes from Tehran for his impudence.

Poor old Radji. His brief was to solve Iran's 'image problem' in Britain, yet he could not persuade His Imperial Majesty to abolish the causes of the problem. He was continually trying to 'establish a dialogue' with Amnesty International by assuring them that 'the human rights position' in Iran was improving; there would then be some new report of torture by SAVAK and his wooing of Amnesty would have to start all over again. His diary entry for 10 October 1977 reveals his frustration:

> Amnesty International, I learn on the news, has been awarded the 1977 Nobel Peace Prize. Bloody hell! Maybe now Tehran will realise the pointlessness of taking on an organisation which, whether one likes it or not, is highly enough considered to get this sort of kudos.

And so the 'image problem' continued. Some people whom one might have expected to help succeeded merely in plunging Radji into deeper gloom. On 9 June 1976, 12 days after his arrival in Britain, Radji entertained Princess Margaret to dinner. Having made her way through a crowd of demonstrators, the princess told Radji that she was used to these inconveniences. 'But of course', she added, 'you have torture, which we don't'. When Lord Longford came to lunch at the embassy he suggested that 'the first step towards solving Iran's "bad press" must be to change the name Iran back to Persia'. At another dinner, Princess Alexandra, who was about to visit Iran, told Radji that she had been briefed about his country and knew 'all about SAVAK, which is your KGB'.

Radji acquires an almost Pooterish quality as he describes these buffetings. Charles Pooter would surely have sympathised with Radji's account of the 'disastrous occasion' when he had to go to Oxford for the opening of a new library which had been paid for by the Shah's sister, Princess Ashraf: 'At least a hundred people, some with hoods on, chanted the most ferocious obscenities and pelted our car with eggs'. Later that day, Radji and Princess Ashraf dined in Hall at Wadham, 'which had been emptied of undergraduates, presumably to prevent a repetition of the afternoon. The saying of grace was dispensed with, as in the circumstances inappropriate, and the whole wretched meal was rushed through'. The ghost of Pooter reappeared a few weeks later:

> There is an invitation to a Garden Party at Buckingham Palace in the afternoon. The invitation says 'morning dress or lounge suit'. Turn up in the latter, only to discover that in the Queen's tea tent I am a sartorial catastrophe, as everyone else, including the Prime Minister [James Callaghan] is wearing morning dress.

Yet this book is not just a comedy of errors. Behind the comic absurdity there is a serious point: while thousands of people in Iran were becoming increasingly discontented, the Shah's main concern seemed to be to protect himself from trifling insults abroad. There was, for example, the extraordinary business of *Private Eye*, which always referred to His Imperial Majesty as the Shit of Iran. 'Every patriotic Iranian must feel insulted by the magazine's offensive comments', the Shah told Radji. There was even talk of trying to nobble the *Eye*, but the Shah concluded that 'it's not worth it'.

On 4 December 1977, only a year before the Peacock Throne collapsed altogether,

Rivals the best of Stephen King
FEVRE DREAM
George R R Martin
Gollancz £7.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Radji made the following entry in his diary:

> Some sports commentator on the BBC World Service has apparently expressed 'surprise' that Iran has made its way to the quarter finals of the World Football Cup, and HIM's anger knows no bounds. We are instructed to protest strongly to the BBC for the anti-Iranian bias shown by the use of the word 'surprise'.

The Shah was no more conceited and myopic than many other dictators; therefore we must assume that even now there are ambassadors in London receiving equally preposterous messages of indignation from their unstable masters.

We must also assume that the same ambassadors are using the same techniques to try to solve their 'image problem'. Radji spent much of his working time cultivating journalists and politicians who might be useful. I hope some of them will feel a twinge of embarrassment when they read this book, though I fear they may not. Of the journalists, the most loyal 'friends' of Iran, whose advice Radji sought, were Frank Giles of the *Sunday Times*, Charles Douglas-Home of *The Times*, David Spanier of *The Times* ('four years ago he and his wife Suzy, who writes about fashion for the *Evening Standard*, visited Iran, on my suggestion, as guests of the government') and Peregrine Worsthorne of the *Sunday Telegraph*. At one dinner party Radji denounced the use of torture in Iran, only to be told by Worsthorne that 'no defence is necessary. Quite the contrary, praise is due'.

Of the 'friendly' Tory politicians many were, inevitably, half-witted right-wingers of the Julian Amery school. But there were others, and it is good of Radji to remind us, lest we forget. Cuddly, wet Peter Walker was even 'a bit too strongly pro-Shah' for the Iranian ambassador's taste. And, of course, there was David Owen, who continued to support the Shah until the end. Anyone who was slightly baffled by Owen's behaviour at the time may find some illumination in this book. Radji describes Owen as 'a friend', and records that he was 'pleased, but also somewhat surprised' when Owen succeeded Tony Crosland as Foreign Secretary. Radji found Owen's 'forthright defence' of the Shah 'commendable'.

While Radji was winning friends and influencing people, and His Imperial Majesty was listening to sports reports on the BBC World Service, the Iranian revolution was becoming unstoppable. During the second half of 1978 Radji became more and more troubled by the huge numbers of Iranians who took to the streets of Tehran for demonstrations against the Shah. The ambassador realised, too late, that all his efforts had been worthless: 'Stripped of its imperial past, Britain can no more determine the future of Iran today than we can of, say, Somalia', he wrote in his diary. 'We cavil captiously at Callaghan's, or Carter's, every utterance on Iran, while the Ayatollah is contemptuously dismissive of them. And *he* is winning. Doesn't that prove the gigantic misapprehension with which we have viewed events throughout?' One month after Radji wrote those words, His Imperial Majesty left Iran for ever. □

FICTION
Richard Deveson

Of course

The Philosopher's Pupil
IRIS MURDOCH *Chatto* £7.95
Fools of Fortune
WILLIAM TREVOR *Bodley Head* £7.50
What a Beautiful Sunday!
JORGE SEMPRUN *Secker* £8.95

As soap opera, Iris Murdoch's new novel doesn't fail us. **The Philosopher's Pupil** is set in the spa town of Ennistone, possessor of luxurious hot spring baths where, on an average Saturday-morning swimming expedition, one is likely to run into George McCaffrey, who has (or hasn't) just tried to murder his wife, and Father Bernard Jacoby, who is of course a Jew converted to high Anglicanism and may (or may not) have witnessed the murder, and Tom, with his 'tumbling curly locks', and Tom's friend Emma, who is of course really called Emmanual Scarlett-Taylor (Irish gentry, butterfly collars and cravats, an outstanding counter tenor), and, now that he's back in town, John Robert Rozanov, who was brought up as a Methodist but is of course descended from a Russian exile, is actually famous in Ennistone as a philosopher, and has a granddaughter, Hattie, whom he hardly knows but is proposing to marry off to Tom, although the two have of course never met . . . Besides scores of supporting players, there are also gypsies, foxes, flying saucers, a megalithic ring . . .

All right, one doesn't read Iris Murdoch for the naturalistic plausibility (that also includes dialogue, with a vengeance), despite the willed and prodigious heaping of detail upon detail. On the other hand, although she herself has said she disapproves of novels which embody philosophical ideas, what is of interest in this book is, precisely, a knot of characteristic ideas. At the centre is the conflict between George and Rozanov, his former teacher. George feels that Rozanov has robbed him of his being. He thinks he has reached a state beyond good and evil, where 'all is permitted', where murder may become a duty, where he is somehow free, and where Rozanov will at last acknowledge him. Rozanov has reached a parallel state of intellectual crisis. He was a hard, anti-metaphysical reductionist, went through a preoccupation with ethics and Plato, and is now frightened that truth is unattainable and that if 'one thing' is permitted, then morality is proved illusory.

Threatening to undercut these beliefs, however, are numerous ironies: the possibilities, for example, that George's ideas spring from the death of his son in infancy, Rozanov's crisis from the fact that he (of course) turns out to be in love with his grand-daughter. George is actually more than a bit mad; and Rozanov is a moral monster. There are other possible ironies too. When George finally attempts his revenge on Rozanov, the philosopher yet again eludes him (or does he?). And there is the hint that George has been miraculously saved from this crime by having earlier said the Lord's Prayer with the priest. Jacoby offers the religious, as against the philosophical, position in the book: that good and evil are absolutes, and absolute opposites, and that morality permeates all life; philosophy is impossible, but any object in the world can be sacramental. It is not clear whether this view is in turn held up to doubt by the (almost-invisible) narrator of the novel himself.

But . . . Dostoevsky and Mrs Dale – it's an impossible combination, one that only Dostoevsky himself could have pulled off. Undoubtedly the preposterousness of the people and events in *The Philosopher's Pupil* itself undercuts its ideas. In the end, the soap opera wins by miles.

William Trevor's **Fools of Fortune** is the complete antithesis: quiet, short, understated, taking almost to excess the Chekhovian technique of evoking a scene or a feeling with a single spotlit detail. A house and a family, in Co. Cork in 1918, brilliantly established through the eyes of an eight-year-old boy, is then destroyed when the boy's father (a Protestant sympathiser with Irish nationalism) and his sisters and the Catholic family servants are murdered by Black and Tans in a reprisal raid. Violence and suffering are passed down through the succeeding characters in the book, which turns out, but in typically unpretentious fashion, to be a symbolic history of Ireland. But this history is also one of unfulfilled and unrequited love, not just of violence; its prevailing tone is one of bleakness and disappointment. One might niggle about various things: for example, there are some engaging but only loosely relevant digressions; pivotal plot-information is rather gratuitously witheld; there is a final, decidedly more gratuitous, suggestion of a miracle (rare echo of Iris Murdoch). But this is a fine piece of work, essentially, because it communicates something authentic: a sense of melancholy; yet a complicated one, not without hope – a view of real people in a real world.

Jorge Semprun is an ex-Communist who was imprisoned at Buchenwald, and **What a Beautiful Sunday!** moves forwards and backwards in time from a single day in December 1944. It seems hardly a novel, more an example of that tiresome genre, the novelised autobiography. Certainly, the tiresome bits in this book are the 'novelistic' ones: pseudo-philosophising, muckings-about with chronology, a grossly unfair pastiche of a conversation between the shades of Goethe and Eckermann (Buchenwald was right next to Weimar), in which Goethe takes a complacent line on the camps. But as an account of Semprun's life, if it *is* that, the book can hardly fail to be absorbing: he describes the camp regime, Party manoeuvrings, the moment when he read Solzhenitsyn and his god finally failed. Journalistic, but certainly worth trying. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fathering the Unthinkable: Masculinity, Scientists and the Nuclear Arms Race

BRIAN EASLEA *Pluto* £5.95

'Babies satisfactorily born': in these words, American Secretary of War Henry Stimson informed Churchill that the Trinity A-bomb test had proved successful. As Brian Easlea demonstrates, sexual birth and imagery (evidence, in his view, of a male desire to compensate, through the modern 'magic' of technology, for man's inability to bear offspring) was especially prominent in the language of the Los Alamos atom scientists. The coded message which had brought Stimson himself the news read:

> Doctor enthusiastic and confident that the little boy is as husky as his big brother. The light in his eyes discernible from here to Highhold and I could have heard his screams from here to my farm.

The shocking incongruity of such language indeed confirms Oppenheimer's admission that he and his colleagues had 'known sin'. *Fathering the Unthinkable* investigates this sin by placing the nuclear programme in the framework of a science which, so the (nowadays familiar) argument runs, is not 'human' but 'masculine', having aimed, since Bacon and Descartes, at the 'unveiling' and 'penetration' of a Nature wrongly viewed either as inert or as virginally passive.

Easlea can hardly be said to have established this thesis, since he discusses none of the philosophical and empirical objections. Do mathematics, or abstract reason in general, have an intrinsic 'gender'? Is the term 'masculine' used in reference to qualities possessed exclusively and without exception by men? If not, the usage is surely questionable. And what of the 'immense pride' felt, so Laura Fermi tells us, by the wives of the A-bomb scientists?

Because it ignores such questions, and the qualifications which they prompt, Easlea's case retains a simplicity which some may find compelling, but which I find intellectually and politically dubious. Nonetheless, a full account of the arms race must certainly emphasise the sexual division of labour and the dominant power of men, and in this respect *Fathering the Unthinkable* is a necessary corrective to the many published analyses which barely recognise these factors.

M. H. Ryle

The Aluminium Industry and the Third World

RONALD GRAHAM *Zed Press* £6.95

Aluminium is the metal of cruise missiles, Harriers and the Space Shuttle, and increasingly of energy efficient buildings, vehicles and machines. But, in addition to being one of high technology's key materials, aluminium is one of the keys to third world economies in Ghana, Surinam, Jamaica and elsewhere. Graham's book tells the murky story of aluminium – which is controlled by one of the most thorough cartels anywhere in modern industry – in terms of the growth of a strategic modern industry and its failure to produce worthwhile economic effects in the third world countries it dominates.

Graham has scoured the Library of Congress in Washington, London's Public Records Office and other sources, to compile a lengthy global history of the industry and its search for cheap bauxite and power. And (while working in Accra) he has also written a hugely detailed case study of the coming of the aluminium industry to Ghana and its disappointing economic effects. Ghana's own bauxite reserves are almost untouched, the country's hydro-electricity is almost all used by a foreign-owned aluminium smelting firm, and neither cheap electricity nor significant foreign exchange is available for Ghana itself, where an integrated aluminium industry is as far in the future as ever. Graham concludes his complex but valuable analysis with a manifesto of ways in which mineral-rich third world countries should set about getting better deals for their irreplaceable resources.

Martin Ince

The United Nations and the Control of International Violence: A Legal and Political Analysis

JOHN F. MURPHY *Manchester* £22.50

I recently heard a philosopher define political violence, in a democratic state, as illegal violence: the state could not be violent. With the same tunnel vision of the establishment, Murphy effectively defines the problem of international violence as specific to second-tier states and revolutionary movements. The superpowers, or to be more precise the USA, are not responsible for international violence, but can only help or hinder the control of it.

Given this peculiar perspective, what Murphy leaves out is more remarkable than what he brings in. The nuclear arms race is simply ignored: we find that 'revolutionary warfare is the primary threat today to international peace and security'. The recent China-Vietnam-Kampuchea triangle is discussed in detail, but the Vietnam war is put down as a problem of revolutionary violence which 'the United Nations could do, little to control' because it involved the superpowers. Although Soviet interventions in Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Afghanistan are mentioned as superpower aggression which the UN could not hope to deal with, the very idea that the US might also need to be internationally controlled is beyond Professor Murphy. A very different situation applies to the UK, interestingly: Mrs. Thatcher's cavalier use of the UN in the Falklands war is clearly reprimanded.

Despite a total failure to apply it to the USA, Murphy reaches the obvious conclusion that the UN has failed because it can only reflect the states which make it up. Its 'successes', modest by any standards, happen when the superpowers jointly allow it to act. Some value may be gleaned from Murphy's survey of the conflicts which have come within the UN's purview, but they are brief and mechanical, with all the dryness one might fear from an international lawyer. For a political analysis we will have to look elsewhere. At this price, for only 212 pages, we would probably have to anyway.

Martin Shaw

Seeing Through Photographs

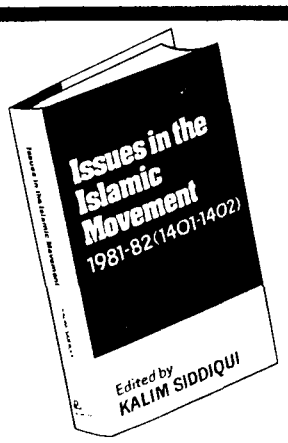
MICHAEL HILEY *Gordon Fraser* £14.95 & £8.95

Hiley's book is a collection of Victorian and Edwardian photographs selected from the quarter-million held by the Public Records Office. Few of the photographs have been shown before and the book is an interesting dipstick into recent history. For once, the text accompanying the pictures is important because, rather than present us with our great-grandparents' curios, Hiley brings the pictures to life by giving an account of their stories and contexts. This is all the more appropriate because one of the book's themes is that photographs are effective only in an alliance with words. Hiley knocks on the head the nonsense that a picture on its own is worth a thousand words. There are many examples in the book of the initial 'meaning' of a photograph gradually changing as Hiley relates his research – which he does in a clear, lively prose flawed only by the occasional soft-brained witticism.

We see the gradual growth of photo-journalism and the lucrative liaison between photography and advertising. We see also the beginnings of the ethical debates about what should or should not be photographed and reproduced in newspapers. The debate about a picture of corpses of victims from a late 19th-century shipwreck echoes the debates that Sir Harold Evans has related about the ethics of photo-journalism in *Pictures on a Page*.

Photo-journalism – the alliance between word and picture – took a big step forward through the efforts of the *Daily Mirror*'s former art editor, Hannen Swaffer. Hiley shows us the front page of the *Mirror* for 19 November 1910. The picture is full page, has a caption of 73 words and shows a woman lying on the ground cradling her face while around her are men caught by the camera in various ambiguous positions. She is a suffragette. The background to this picture, the debate that followed its publication, and the ambiguity of the photograph and its vulnerability to a multiplicity of interpretations, are all well explained by Hiley as he takes us through the facts of this particular newspaper story.

Peter Dormer



The second (1981-82) volume of this highly successful annual anthology of articles reflecting the worldview of Islam is now out. In his 12,000-word introduction the editor, Dr Kalim Siddiqui, begins the task of describing the 'multi-dimensional reality' of the Islamic movement. The aim, he says, is to put together, piece by piece, an analytical and operational model of the Islamic movement.

The result is perhaps the most exciting, inspiring and evocative prose on the Islamic movement, the Islamic Revolution and the Islamic State being written at the present time.

There are 104 articles, a glossary, and an extensive index; pp 403.

ISBN 0-905081-13-7 Hbk £13.95
ISBN 0-905081-14-5 Pbk £ 6.95

Order from any bookshop or from

THE OPEN PRESS LTD
6 Endsleigh Street,
London WC1H 0DS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three Poems by Michael Hofmann

Alchemists of Wall Street

When they leap off the church-tower, Red Indians
unafraid of heights in their tar and feathers,
the elixir of their lives flashes before them
and they macadamise the market-place with gold.

Nighthawks

(for James)

Time isn't money, at our age, it's water.
You couldn't say we cupped our hands very tightly . . .
We missed the second-last train, and find ourselves
at the station with half an hour to spare.

The derelicts queue twice round the tearoom.
Outside, the controlled prostitutes move like sharks
among the shoals of men laughing off their fear.
The street-lamps are a dull coral, snakes' heads.

Earlier, I watched a couple over your shoulders.
She was thin, bone-chested, dressed in black lace,
her best feature vines of hair. Blatant, ravenous,
post-coital, they greased their fingers as they ate.

I met a dim acquaintance, a man with the manner
of a laughing-gas victim, rich, frightened and jovial.
Why doesn't everyone wear pink, he squeaked.
Only a couple of blocks are safe in his world.

Now we've arrived at this hamburger heaven,
a bright hole walled with mirrors where our faces show
pale and evacuated in the neon. We spoon our sundaes
from a metal dish. The chopped nuts are poison.

We've been six straight hours together, my friend,
sitting in a shroud of earnestness and misgiving.
Swarthy, big-lipped, suffering, tubercular,
your hollow darkness survives even in this place . . .

The branch-line is under the axe, but it still runs,
rattling and screeching, between the hospital
lit like a toy, and the castellated factory –
a *folie de grandeur* of late capitalism.

Boys' Own

A parting slightly off-centre, like Oscar Wilde's,
his fat mouth, and the same bulky appearance.
Your hair was pomaded, an immaculate wet-look,
sculpted and old-fashioned in these blow-dry times.
The dull grain of wood on polished furniture.
– Everyone has an inspiring English teacher
somewhere behind them, and you were ours. We argued
about you: that your smell was not sweet after-shave,
but the presbyterian rigours of cold water –

on your porous face and soft, womanish hands . . .?
The public-school teacher has to be versatile –
if not the genuine Renaissance article, then at least
a modern pentathlete – and so you appeared to us
in as many guises as an Action Man: for lessons,
with a gown over one of your heavy three-piece suits;
wearing khaki for Corps on Wednesday afternoons;
as a soccer referee in a satanic black tracksuit;
in baggy but respectable corduroys on holidays . . .

Morning coffee was followed by pre-prandial sherry
after only the shortest of intervals. The empties,
screw-tops, stood in boxes outside your door.
You drank early, copiously, and every day –
though it hardly crossed our minds. Given the chance,
we would have done too . . . It was 'civilised',
and that was what you were about. Sweet and sour sherry,
lager on warm afternoons, the pathos of sparkling wine
for occasions. 'It's actually quite like champagne . . .'

Just as an extension-lead went from your gramophone
to its little brother, a stereophonic loudspeaker –
Ferguson Major and Minor . . . With one hand in your pocket,
leaning back in your swivelling chair, you conducted
your own records, legs double-crossed like Joyce's.
– Among all those other self-perpetuating oddball
bachelors, how could we fail to understand you?
Your military discipline and vintage appearance,
the sublimation of your Anglicanism, your drinking . . .

We only waited for that moment at the end of a class,
when, exhausted by intellectual inquiry, you took off
your glasses and rubbed away your tiny blue eyes . . .
All of love and death can be found in books:
you would have agreed. At one of your gatherings,
someone found a pubic hair in your sheepskin rug . . .
Years later, there was a scandal, an ultimatum,
and you threw yourself under the wheels of a train –
the severe way Tolstoy chose for Anna Karenina.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEMOIRS
David Montrose

Three-way stretch

Diaries 1915-1918
SIEGFRIED SASSOON *Faber* £10.50
The War Poems
SIEGFRIED SASSOON *Faber* £5.25 & £2.95
Sherston's Progress
SIEGFRIED SASSOON *Faber* £2.25

Siegfried Sassoon never disguised the fact that his autobiographies and his three 'George Sherston' novels were based on diaries. So when, in 1981, the first instalment of those diaries (1920-1922) picked up exactly where his third and last volume of autobiography, *Siegfried's Journey*, had broken off, it looked like an editorial admission that all earlier material had been thoroughly plundered by the author. Rather surprisingly, then, the second instalment – opening, in late 1915, when Sassoon joins his regiment in France, closing with the Armistice – harks back to the writer's active service: the period that, as fictionalised, began in the final chapter of *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* and continued straight through *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* and *Sherston's Progress*. The first half of *Siegfried's Journey*, too, falls within its ambit. If anything, the congruence between the diaries and the novels is even greater than expected: there is little reordering of incident, and large portions have been transplanted almost entire. In fact, so finely-written is Sassoon's original that these portions often represent the trilogy's more striking passages.

That, as a poet, Sassoon was at his most prolific during 1915-1918 is amply reflected. Poems were copied into the diaries as they were completed; there are almost 60 here, ranging from Sassoon's best to his worst: nearly half of them were left uncollected. The poems' relationship to the diaries differs from that of Sassoon's other works. They were written concurrently, rather than years afterwards, and represented an alternative method of observation that usually complemented the day-to-day journalising instead of deriving from it. The diaries refute the critical opinion that Sassoon, when recreating his exploits for the trilogy, tempered the grim vision embodied in his poetry. Certainly, as John Lehmann has stated, several episodes from the poems undergo 'mollification of effect' in translation to the novels, but this is scanty evidence from which to draw inferences: Sassoon's novels seldom borrowed from his poetry. The diaries better indicate how faithfully experience was cast into fiction. Comparison reveals that a few harsh comments were softened, some diaristic terseness diffused, inevitably, through expansion into conventional prose; on the whole, though, the correspondence of tone is remarkable. Remembering, too, that Sassoon's outstanding poems were polemics designed to shock non-combatants at home, it seems likely that they represented a distillation, rather than the novels a dissipation, of the writer's increasing resentment.

Together with Rupert Hart-Davis's arrangement of the war poems – which allows them, for the first time, to be read in order of composition – the diaries (also edited by Hart-Davis) reinforce the existing picture of Sassoon's progress from, in Robert Graves's terms, 'happy warrior' to 'bitter pacifist'. As *Goodbye To All That* relates – and the diaries confirm – Sassoon once considered Graves's war poetry too 'realistic'. His own – surfused with love for an idealised homeland and willingness to make the hero's supreme sacrifice – originally derived from Rupert Brooke. Such noble sentiments even survived his brother's death at Gallipoli: '. . . in the gloom I see your laurell'd head/And through your victory I shall win the light.' The trenches, as Graves predicted, changed Sassoon's style: a more realistic presentation of events was soon evident. Nevertheless, as the diaries demonstrate, Sassoon still tended to treat trench warfare as another, if bloodier, field sport: his fearlessness was a byword.

In fact, the 'bitter pacifist' was not completely formed until late 1916. Sassoon had been invalided home that August with trench fever. At the front, his declining belief in the war had manifested itself through reckless bravery. A common pattern: fighting loss of faith by reaffirming it all the more strongly. In England, though, it proved more difficult to avoid brooding. Unfortunately, the diary for that sick-leave is missing, but both *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* and *Siegfried's Journey* – which is Sassoon's only autobiography to deal with the war but, significantly, does not commence until August, 1916 – confirm the pivotal importance of those months. During this time, too, his poetry acquired an edge that eventually peaked in the savage indignation of 'Blighters', 'Base Details' and 'Does It Matter?'

Even more unfortunately, a second gap in the diaries coincides with the culmination of Sassoon's disillusionment: his celebrated protest against the war in July, 1917, and ensuing consignment to Craiglockhart War Hospital for shell-shocked officers. These events are, admittedly, presented in Sassoon's books, while Hart-Davis has included letters written and received by the author throughout the period; but one still misses the day-to-day evidence of Sassoon's thoughts that the diaries could have provided. Particularly so because, having delivered his protest, Sassoon failed to carry it through after being convinced that he would never receive the court-martial (and publicity for the pacifist cause) he had envisaged. Sassoon's medical board was rigged – he was certainly not suffering from shell-shock – to enable his protest to be discredited when it became public knowledge. Apparently, Sassoon did nothing to resist this distortion: *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*, indeed, suggests that he actively co-operated. Eventually he returned to France, only to be wounded within two months. He was on indefinite sick-leave when the war ended:

> I got to London . . . and found masses of people in streets and congested Tubes, all waving flags and making fools of themselves – an outburst of mob patriotism. It was a wretched wet night . . . a loathsome ending to the loathsome tragedy of the last four years.

The happy warrior had long departed. □

Among this week's contributors:

CRAIG RAINE'S most recent collection of poems was *A Free Translation* (Salamander, 1981).

FRANCIS WHEEN is the author of *The Sixties* (Century, 1982) and fixtures secretary of the *NS* cricket XI.

MICHAEL HOFMANN'S first book of poems, *Nights in the Iron Hotel*, will be published by Faber in the autumn.

MARTIN INCE is the author of *Space* (Sphere, 1980) and *Energy Policy* (Junction, 1982).

HUGO WILLIAMS has published four books of verse and two of travel, most recently *No Particular Place To Go* (Cape, 1981).

BECKETT BARKER QUENEAU ROBBE-GRILLET SARRAUTE etc.

Worstward Ho, latest text from Samuel Beckett, depicts the narrator as magician, creating reluctant life from void (cloth £5.50); *Ill Seen Ill Said* is a ghostly observation of an old woman (paper £2.95); these two brilliant volumes contain prose of overpowering poetic innovation from the greatest contemporary master of language. *The Deception* by Nicholas Born, set in war-torn Lebanon, is a love story with a background of unbelievable violence (cloth £11.95, paper £6.95), a German and American bestseller. Alain Robbe-Grillet's *Djinn* (£2.95) and Nathalie Sarraute's *The Use of Speech* are the latest from two of France's most brilliant literary luminaries ("recalls Kafka" and "one of the greatest living writers" – *New Statesman*). *Zazie in the Metro*, Raymond Queneau's hilarious novel about an 11 year old girl in Paris is multi-layered, unforgettable (£7.95). Eugene Ionesco's only novel *The Hermit* depicts a clerk after receiving a legacy, as funny as his plays (£2.95). *Pelagie-la-Charette* won the Prix Goncourt for Antonine Maillet's brilliant account of the Acadians' expulsion from Canada by the British in 1755 and one family's struggle to return (£4.95). In *Lillelord*, Johan Borgen's sinister novel of childhood, the distinguished Norwegian recreates Oslo 1900 (£6.95). Alexander Trocchi's *Young Adam* (£2.95) and Trevor Hoyle's *Man Who Travelled on Motorways* (£3.95) are extraordinary novels from Britain, one an intellectual murder story set in Scotland, the other a surrealist fantasy of motorway mythology. **New plays** are Howard Barker's savage restoration play *Victory* (£3.95) at the Royal Court, Steven Berkoff's *Decadence and Greek* (£3.95), virile and violent depictions of past and present society, and Reinhard Lettau's Brechtian dialogue on the nature of power *Breakfast in Miami* (£3.95). **New ENO/ROH Opera Guides** are *Don Giovanni*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Il Trovatore*, and *The Mastersingers* (£2.50 each), essential for opera goers. April FitzLyon's *Lorenzo da Ponte* (paper £3.95) is a fascinating biography of Mozart's librettist. All from

JOHN CALDER (PUBLISHERS) LTD
18 Brewer Street London W1R 4AS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART
John Spurling

Ducks and swans

The Hague School
RA
The Neglected National Gallery
National Gallery

The Hague School was named, like Impressionism, by a critic. It emerged at about the same time as Impressionism, in the 1870s, and, again like Impressionism, it was strongly influenced by the Barbizon School. But although the Hague School painters were briefly seen as innovators and iconoclasts and furiously attacked ('mud painters', 'realistic filth') by their classicist elders in the Hague Academy, their hearts were really in the past. They admired, as the Barbizon painters did, the Dutch masters of the 17th century, and their 'realism' was faced with nostalgia, nationalism and romanticism. A distant train appears in one of the paintings in this exhibition, momentarily suggesting the shocking modernism of Turner or Monet, but otherwise the subject-matter is more or less timeless: polders and cows, windmills, fishing-boats and peasants. The Hague School had their special places for painting (or rather for making studies, being not quite as *plein air* as the Impressionists), and they were careful to keep them quiet, since their realism largely consisted in being able to go on seeing in the 19th century what their ancestors had seen in the 17th.

Yet for all the echoes of Rembrandt and Vermeer, De Hooch, Ruysdael and the rest, the Hague School looks distinctly 19th-century now. It has sunk into its period in a way that Impressionism still hasn't, in spite of the fact that the figures in Impressionist paintings wear dateable fashions and hairstyles, whereas those in the Hague School paintings are dressed in all-purpose peasant costume. The reason is not far to seek. Mixed in with the sober colours of mud and sand and the damp, grey northern atmosphere there is the unmistakeable smell of 19th-century sentiment. If there was one thing more than another – more than the shift of perception, the colours, the sketchiness, the brushwork – which lifted Impressionism out of its time, it was the absence of that all-pervading, cloying, finally insufferable attempt on the part of artists in the mid- to late-19th century to manipulate the moral feelings of their viewers, to find sermons in stones (or polders and windmills).

The worst offender in this exhibition is the Rembrandtesque Jozef Israëls, if only because he was the leading figure-painter of the School and people lend themselves more readily to sentimental treatment than cows or landscapes. Israëls paints a peasant girl feeding her baby, takes loving care with every detail of the interior – the tiled wall, the bare feet on a footwarmer, the table with its open drawer, the spoon and feeding bowl – then, high up over the dark fireplace, right in the middle of the picture, dangles a little crucifix on a rosary and calls the whole 'The Cottage Madonna'. Or he paints an old woman with gnarled hands stretched over a grate and calls it 'Growing Old'. But it is not just the titles or the odd details that make these paintings slightly nauseating, it is something which in the theatre one would characterise as the Peter Brook or Royal Court stamp: over-direction rather than over-acting, a pressing for effect, a too self-conscious emphasis on the moral lesson, accompanied by the distinct assumption in the director, or in this case painter, of a patronising moral superiority towards both his subject and his audience.

***Unknown Woman*, Italian School, 19th c.**

Israëls' chief follower, Adolphe Artz, is preferable in that he is more restrained. His grave, punctilious interior of 'The Orphanage at Katwijk-Binnen', where three young girls in uniform clothes with eyes uniformly cast down are busy sewing under the instruction of a gloomy-looking old woman, is probably meant to convey the virtues of patience, obedience and hard work, but it is also sufficiently neutral (Chekhov after Ibsen) to suggest very different notions: hopelessness, imprisonment and hard labour, for example.

What Israëls does with people, Jacob Maris does with a fishing-boat beached against a white sky, Paul Gabriël (he of the solitary train) with a windmill between water and sky, Anton Mauve with a row of wilting horses (cousins to Artz's orphans) waiting to drag a heavy boat up a beach, Johannes Bosboom with the interiors of churches (in which the figures are still dressed in 17th-century costumes). The exception is Jan Hendrik Weissenbruch. Not that there isn't a recognisable Hague School sentiment in his pictures, but it is offset by his at least equal interest in the pure appearance of what he paints. He comes nearest to being an Impressionist, to marrying the instantaneous perception of an effect of light, space and intervening objects with the sense of their more laborious translation into paint. There is even one landscape by him, done at the age of 76, not in Holland but on a visit to Barbizon, which begins to resemble if not quite a Cezanne, then a Cezanne motif.

Yet the Hague School did produce, in the third generation, its own great innovators. Van Gogh and Mondrian were the swans that emerged from this flock of dullish ducks. They were both, of course, screaming with sentiment and their early works went far beyond their predecessors' in the desire to fill a peasant interior or a landscape with moral meaning. This turned out to be an advantage, since the more they struggled against the boundaries of realism, the more they exposed its inadequacy and dishonesty as a camouflage for sentiment. Van Gogh escaped into his own version of expressionist impressionism, Mondrian into rigorous abstraction. This show unfortunately doesn't follow them so far and ends with them still screaming, still trying desperately to be Hague School ducks; but if one stands in the last room, shuts one's eyes and imagines a starry night in Provence or a plain grid of thick black lines on white enclosing three small squares of red, yellow and blue, it is like waking up from a dream of claustrophobia.

The National Gallery's attempt to resuscitate a group of neglected painters is more successful than the RA's. The neglected in this case are a random assortment, some known, some unknown, whose work has been languishing on the lower floor. Sir Michael Levey has brought them up for air and written a brief catalogue (another relief after the long heavy, soporific volume which accompanies the Hague School) in which he persuasively urges us to cast away our fear of leaving the beaten track and admiring the 'wrong' artist and simply trust our own judgment and pleasure without feeling we have to satisfy 'some invisible Examiner or Guardian of Good Taste'. The selection he has made is perhaps a little too random. It includes the only painting by a Dane in the collection, a Swiss picturesque landscape of 1854 (not, I would have thought, worth airing), several small works of the Italian Renaissance and the Dutch and Flemish 17th century and a sprinkling of French 19th century works. The outstanding paintings are a small, extraordinarily sensitive Narcissus which might be by Beltraffio and an unfinished portrait of an unknown woman in white by an unknown painter, 'ascribed to' (that indispensable umbrella-phrase) 'the Italian School'. The costume pins it down to Western Europe in the early 19th century, the rest is guesswork, nicely proving Sir Michael's point that even art historians tend to become studiously vague when they haven't got a label to look at. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE
Benedict Nightingale

Well, I never!

When the Wind Blows
RAYMOND BRIGGS *Whitehall*
The American Clock
ARTHUR MILLER *Birmingham Rep*

Someone up there didn't like the first night of **When the Wind Blows.** At any rate, patriotic music was being blasted at the arriving audience from a window high on the east side of Whitehall, while svelte young Heseltine clones in suits distributed anti-CND bumf at ground level. It sent me, for one, into the theatre deeply prejudiced in favour of Raymond Briggs's adaptation of his celebrated strip cartoon; and I'm glad to report that those prejudices weren't undermined by the play itself. Since I complained a few months ago that our dramatists were writing about every single thing except the one that might put them all permanently out of business, my postbox has been swamped with unperformed scripts about the Bomb, some of them quite good, and I myself have even seen the subject tackled onstage, most recently by a musical at Stratford East called *Any Minute Now*. But Briggs's po-faced tale of the confrontation of the uncomprehending with the inconceivable manages quietly to outpower them all.

This is Armageddon seen through the eyes of Mr Pooter or, perhaps more precisely, through those of the numbingly average couple Michael Frayn memorably christened Horace and Doris Morris: an approach not without its perils. Dumpy Jim, performed by a balding Ken Jones in his braces, and comfy Hilda, played by Patricia Routledge as a blend of Mrs Tiggywinkle and Little Grey Rabbit, are absurdly ignorant about everything except their own small and cosy world. They regard the prospect of nuclear war in terms of Monty, whom they seem to think is still alive, trouncing Hitler and the Germans, as they persistently call Andropov and the Russians. As far as the civilian population is concerned, there'll be nothing that can't be solved by the ARP, ITMA and a nice cup of tea. Looked at literally, it is a pretty patronising portrait of that much-derided category of Briton, the respectable lower-middle class. Seen a bit more imaginatively, it is an artful caricature of propensities we all share and, by the end, rather more than that.

Aren't we all inclined to force strange and unsettling experiences into shapes familiar enough for us to understand and cope with? And don't most of us carry on our shoulders a mental shredder into which we feed whatever continues to prove unmanageable, intolerable? To try to fend off nuclear disaster with Civil Defence platitudes, white paint, paper bags, nostalgia for 1945, and a general belief in Britannia muddling through is human enough. To convince yourself that radiation sickness is just delayed shock, and will easily be cured by aspirins, Germolene and the all-wise authorities, is hardly less so. 'It could be worse, you've got to look on the bright side, ducks': would you and I really find anything more sensible to say under the circumstances?

A flash, a cloud of black and red, an awesome wind, and from the corner of the living room comes a mumbled 'Blimey!', followed by an indignant 'Well, I never!' from the house-proud Hilda. Vomiting, blotches on the skin, bleeding from the gums are greeted by reassuring remarks about maybe visiting the chemist the next day. What gives the evening its poignancy is the sight of two people doggedly understating the hyperbolic, underrating the obscene, treating the unnatural as natural and the profoundly abnormal as normal. And what gives it greater force than the original cartoon is that those people are indeed people: visibly three-dimensional, flesh and blood. When Jim and Hilda stare in silent disbelief at the desolate world outside, or share a last cough-sweet, or find that their hair is falling out, or mumble a half-remembered prayer, we feel that, however exaggerated they may be in some respects, they have emotions we can all recognise and identify with. Briggs's play could, I suppose, be accused of being predictable, even monotonous at times; but it adds up to a pretty devastating comment on our collective inability to face what it implicitly insists we *must* face if we're to have any serious chance of survival.

Arthur Miller is incapable of being uninteresting, and, as *Death of a Salesman* proved 34 years ago, he can be very interesting indeed. But in **The American Clock** he

THE GLC PRESENTS

EXTENDED DUE TO PUBLIC DEMAND
UNTIL 14 MAY MONDAY-SATURDAY 10am - 10.30pm
SUNDAY 10am - 10pm ADMISSION FREE
LUNCHTIME MUSIC IN THE FOYERS 12.30 - 2pm
FOOD AND DRINK GLC BOOKS AND RECORDS
Working for London

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comes close to breaking the habits of his play-writing life, because he hasn't decided whether the play involves macro- or microcosm, the Great Depression or its sometimes fatal impact on particular people. Part of the piece is plain-sailing documentary, with information about Hoover, Roosevelt *et al* not-so-subtly fed us by victims, beneficiaries, dangling photos of mobbed banks, crowded beds, rampant Nazis and so on; part is family saga, concentrating primarily but not solely on a rich businessman who begins by sacking the chauffeur and ends bumming a quarter from his son, an aspiring writer of Leftist persuasion, while his wife declines from blithe serenity to raddled ennui. Add some earnest conclusions about the character of America, and the subliminal suggestion that it might all be germane to us here in recession-hit Britain, and you've something which skims, glances, but doesn't succeed in satisfying the inquiring intellect, the social conscience, or whatever part of our innards responds to more specific suffering. Peter Farago directs a 15-person cast which, though individually excellent, somehow manages to seem too numerous to people a plot and too skimpy to evoke a society: the story of the evening. □

JAZZ
Charles Fox

Longevity

The Modern Jazz Quartet
Dominion Theatre

Not even the current zest for nostalgia has brought about a revival of the hand-jive. Devised as a way of dancing while remaining seated, it resembled nothing so much as an uncouth variant of deaf-and-dumb language. Surfacing early in the 1960s, touted by the savants of *Juke Box Jury*, it enabled the young to express themselves within a set of prescribed gestures, a shared if shallow cultural exchange. And although invented to go with rock music, it could be adapted to all kinds of occasion. Twenty years ago this reviewer listened to the Modern Jazz Quartet at the Royal Festival Hall, seated behind a girl whose forefingers kept describing circles, whose clenched fists tapped ritually together. Just for once a highly formal music was evoking a highly formal response.

Nobody at the Dominion Theatre last Saturday night would have deigned to do the hand-jive. Yet in other respects attendance at the concert was a bit like inhabiting a time warp. True, there were visual differences – fewer beards on-stage for a start (only Percy Heath the bassist, continues to sport one), yet evening dress and black ties were still obligatory (Milt Jackson's scarlet mallets matched the handkerchiefs in the breast pockets). And although it no longer seems necessary (as it did in the 1950s) to emphasize the respectability of jazz, the group's very serious image has been retained. Both visually and musically the MJQ has stayed put, picking up more or less where they left off when the group disbanded at the end of 1974.

Longevity, had they ever paused to think about it, would have struck early jazz pioneers as the least of their problems. Any way, the orchestras of Duke Ellington and Count Basie were to demonstrate how a jazz ensemble could endure for decade after decade. Yet apart from a few sturdy loyalists – Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges and a few others with Ellington, Freddie Green with Basie – both bands witnessed a constant coming and going of sidemen. The same is true of a small group such as Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. For the Modern Jazz Quartet, however, sticking together for 22 years with virtually the same personnel (Connie Kay replaced Kenny Clarke behind the drums after the first three years) had claustrophobic implications. Unlike the Amadeus String Quartet, who have devoted 35 years to refining and perfecting their particular craft, the MJQ contained two major soloists in John Lewis and Milt Jackson. The repertoire was largely composed and controlled by Lewis, while Jackson was rumoured to fret for more artistic freedom. Not surprisingly, staleness crept in. But the offer of a tour of Japan eventually brought the four musicians together again. They appeared at Knebworth last July and are now in Europe once again. A handful of new compositions have turned up since last summer, yet all are cast within that earlier and familiar pattern. In a music as fashion-conscious as jazz used to be, that is a sign of strength rather than weakness. Happy the artist who feels no need to stay up-to-date.

Small sounds have always assumed a big part in the MJQ's strategy. Not only Connie Kay's percussion but also Percy Heath's bass enter momentarily to point up particular moments within a composition. Equally crucial to the quartet's command of dynamics is the ability to swing whenever they want to – sometimes for just eight or twelve bars at a time. That particular ability, the sudden shift from tautness to relaxation, owes a lot to John Lewis's own playing. Lewis's prominence as a composer has led many people to underestimate his range as a pianist (he did, after all, once work in Dizzy Gillespie's big band as well as with Charlie Parker). He can sound as effortless and lean as Count Basie at his most minimal, playing single note lines with his right hand, always developing ideas.

Horology, more than any other craft, has been plundered to provide metaphors and similes for what the MJQ get up to. The comparison with clocks certainly extends further than the coincidence that one of the Quartet's best known pieces is 'The Golden Striker'. There is the sense of a performance being wound up to start with, then proceeding not so much mechanically as meticulously. The artistic miracle, of course, is the way that improvising gets carried on simultaneously. Which may be the important difference between telling the time and telling the truth – aesthetically speaking, anyway. □

FILMS
John Coleman

Call me mAdam

Tootsie (PG)
Odeon, Leicester Square, etc; general release
Ascendancy (15)
Academy One

Eve alone knows what potency Sydney Pollack's **Tootsie** packs as a *Spare Rib*-tickler, but the old Adam in me suggests that its concern with feminist issues is anyway unserious, a matter of occasional lip-service. A sharp part of this high-quipping comedy-farce – scripted by the experienced Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal – concerns the loud desperation of unemployed and unemployable actors, their readiness to take what comes in order to eat, the lunatic world of cynical agents, soap operas and subterfuge in which they skirmish. Dustin Hoffman is Method-mad Michael, a not-so-young 'cult failure' in the words of his agent (acridly played by director Pollack himself), a great arguer at auditions, part-time waiter and reckoned drama coach to a group of hopefuls. He schools insecure Sandy (Teri Garr) for a role in a TV hospital 'soap' ('All right, I'll pick you up at ten o'clock and enrage you') and, when she flunks it, is next seen swanning towards us on a crowded New York boulevard, a very wolf in she's clothing, after the same part and the money to back his flat-mate Jeff's off-Broadway play. 'Shame on you, you macho shithead', flutes this Southern-accented transformation to Ron (Dabney Coleman), the serial's bemused director, and its wily, delighted woman-producer wheedles weird-looking Hoffman, now Dorothy Michaels, into the slot as hospital supervisor.

Bets are craftily hedged on just how convincing a woman this shaved, tweezered, pancaked and bewigged Hoffman makes. Ron, wanting 'Dorothy' a mite more attractive, asks his cameraman how far he can pull back. 'How do you like Cleveland?' is the response. And, in the central business of Hoffman's falling for a co-actor, scrumptious Jessica Lange ('Julie Nichols – hospital slut', she introduces herself), Julie is allowed to comment on her new chum Dorothy's very heavy make-up: 'I have a little moustache problem', admits the falsely bosomed buddy. The largest reassurance, though, comes through the camouflage cloak of zaniness provided by that TV soap's studio-floor absurdities; here, anything goes, including the kissy grabs made at Dorothy by an ageing, lecherous ham and Michael/Dorothy's increasing recourse to on-camera improvisation, his/her dragonish persona sending the ratings soaring. A brilliant bit of montage intercuts piles of fan-mail with cover-girl camera-sessions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whereby might hang the new-style gender generalities that presume to mark this off from the male chauvinism of Wilder's marvellous *Some Like It Hot*. 'I think Dorothy's smarter than I am', mutters Michael to his flat-mate, and this altered ego of his helps Julie, apparently, to break with the womanising director Ron. Forget it. Lipsticked service would be nearer the mark: however genially, the Dorothy who beats a man to a cab and learns to empathise with the sisters gets it both ways, remaining a hound-dog beneath the skin. A glance at how easily old Michael is let off the hook of his casual mistreatment of depressive Sandy (excellent Ms Garr) confirms that. But, these caveats entered, it is a lively and funny entertainment, an adroit mix of barbed and tender moments, played to the professional hilt right down to the wishful character of Les (rumply-decent Charles Durning) as Julie's Dorothy-wooing dad. Watch out for such casual joys as Hoffman's irritated upending of one of those damned mime-artists cavorting in a park.

In the same bill is James Scott's Oscar-winning short, *A Shocking Accident*, drawn from a Graham Greene story about a lad doomed to grow up under the cloud of his father's farcical death in Naples. Rupert Everett is the solemn fellow, mercifully redeemed by the off-beat reactions of Jenny Seagrove (*Local Hero*'s marine beauty) to a porcine peripeteia in the past. Vestigially halting, but with a fine eye and ear to the eccentric winning through.

Obliquity seems the favoured cinematic approach to Northern Ireland's tormented history and Edward Bennett's **Ascendancy**, financed by the BFI and Channel 4, top prize-winner at this year's Berlin Festival, chooses compellingly to look back in anguish to Belfast in 1920 and the growing terrorism as largely reflected through ailing Connie (Julie Covington), daughter of a prosperous Protestant shipbuilder quietly provoking reaction by his unscrupulous strike-breaking politicking in search of German contracts. The irony isn't lost on Connie, who mourns a brother killed in the Great War (some blue-tinted, stunningly edited newsreel footage opens the film), posts letters to him in his sacrosanct room and has a psychosomatically clawed-in right hand to prove her a war casualty too. She is subjected to hypnotism, when her fingers momentarily unfold, but finds real hope in a downright British lieutenant (Ian Charleson) whose reluctance – '*this* is not a war' – she senses and works on, so that he quits the alien field. She herself rushes out into the streets to witness a burning house, shootings, the worse to come.

By the end, this Connie is being force-fed, an image that somewhat mirrors the use Mr Bennett's engaged film has put her to. Her hopelessness – 'one thought overwhelms me, that this horror goes on and on forever' – hardly clarifies the Ulster confusion. On the credit side are many mesmerising images, little scenes: workers on the rampage, house-servants doing a killing on the sly, a baton-twirler on green lawns, Connie in a dark-rose dress leaving a party for slaughter to dreadful drums. □

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

Space time

DRIVEN further and further back into the night by critics and programmers alike, the scapegoat series **Studio** (ITV) looked at one point as if it would become completely invisible, owing to sleep. Then one momentous Thursday it leapt forward unannounced and a whole different brand of people caught it by accident and have been sitting there mesmerised by it ever since. *Studio* is now becoming the fun-flop of the season. It is highly recommended. Set in a recording studio at the dog-end of the sixties (1974), just before Punk swept all that kind of thing away forever, it is the first seventies nostalgia programme for Walter Mitty rock people, aged 38-42, who, like myself, have recently fallen prone to bulk television.

It follows the old 'Ship of Fools' style of comedy-drama, where you have a limited cast of stereotypes and you throw them into a high-mortality zone such as 'Rock' and see how they comport themselves without a script. You have your rock star, your girl, your other girl, your other rock star and your dealer. Trying to remember what happens is like trying to remember a dream, but basically the plot each week is as follows: Art, the rock star, played with strange honesty by Michael Feast, is acting up again, in every sense of the word. He likes a drink and he likes a drug, but he doesn't like the girl, or the other girl, and he's trying to get some sleep. 'Why you destroy yourself? Why ? Why ? Why ? Why ? Why?', screeches the girl as he hits the sack at seven in the morning. 'I wish you were someone else, but you aren't. I want the whole hog with the volume turned up.'

Art likes the volume turned up too, but he doesn't like the whole hog. As he explains to the other rock star, 'She has her space, man, and I have my space, but she keeps putting her space into my space so that I have to put my space into her space. I suppose that's love.' 'I suppose that's crap', says the other rock star reasonably. According to the girl, Art is too spaced out to put his space anywhere. 'The thing is, Art', says the other rock star, playing Space Invaders with the electricity switched off, 'in my space there is too much space. I've always wanted to receive a card on Father's Day.' He has a good chance of receiving five, as he has drawn a woman and her four children in a computer dating service and they are currently downstairs waiting to meet him.

A computer dating service is exactly what it seems: the seventies equivalent of having a man come through a door with a gun, owing to a difference of opinion at the script conference. The other rock star's date even has a magic whistle! Enter the Dealer, with mandies and mushrooms. 'What, no coke ? No grass ?' says Art. 'You must be joking!' Culture shock sets in when the owner of the studio turns out to be Robert Stephens, the actor. He is recording 'Six Song for a Mad King'. 'You're right', says Art, 'it's not music. It's real. You can't listen to it. I can't believe somebody's written this.'

Maria Aitken, appearing on **The Late Clive James** (C4) described the kind of acting you might have expected from Stephens: 'You act rather fast, as if you don't know anything about it, and you do a lot of looking down in the hope no one will recognise you.' She was talking about her part in *Company & Co*, another likeable turkey that will look strange on its second-degree outing, if any. I must say I like an actor to face up to his script, the way they do on *Studio*.

I was on the mark to take down some one-liners from James's lively chat-show, but they're too quick for me. James is only saved from becoming his own scrambling machine by the limitations of his tongue muscles. Last week it was aerobics: 'The pain is telling you to stop, but Jane Fonda is telling you to go on', said James. 'My theory is you have to be able to do that stuff before you can do that stuff.' □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2768 **Set by D. H. Cudmore**

Most of the summer some'll simmer
Mid the glamour and the glimmer
Of Marseilles or Monte, musing on the Med . . .

Got the picture? Up to 16 lines of verse, please, repeating a consonant sound throughout. The subject and the consonant are yours to choose; by 13 May.

No 2765 **Set by P. W. R. Foot**

Chesterton, Blake, Byron or Shelley on Greenham Common.

Report **By F. R. Spofforth**

As one comper sagely pointed out, G.K. would probably have been scathing about the peace campers but then again he *might* not have been; he was, after all, no lover of governments and their doings. Until Lord Dacre offers proof to the contrary, we shall assume that the women of Greenham have Chesterton's blessing. *Decus et tutamen* multiplied by eight will speed to Kemp and Doncaster (for their Chestertons), Bellenger and Norman (for their Byrons).

I know the time's gone when, with simple scimitar,
Or kukri, or with yet more dashing blade,
A war was won; and yet, 'tis strange, to limit a
Defensive weapon (the phrase, I am afraid,
Is paradox) to ground whose poor perimeter
Lasts but three leagues; it seems a mere stockade,
Round common sort of land, described as 'tactical',
Although it seems to me a touch impractical.

For if the Russians, or the Argentinians,
Or Turks, or Maltese drop a nuclear bomb on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our territory, which, in my opinion's
(As 'tis of every Harry, Dick and Tom), on
The less than likely side, then won't the minions
Of the madman strike at Greenham Common?
This seems as certain as it is alarming;
I think you'll find my argument's disarming.

WILL BELLENGER

Before the French invader came, or Harold's
house-carles broke,
Upon the English common walked the English
common folk
To do there as it pleased them, for they knew
from ancient saw
That they held the English common land by Eng-
lish common law.
But men who sit in council, and who count them-
selves as wise,
Have robbed us of our common, and have turned
our laws to lies.

They do it for our greater good; how should we
understand?
They do it, that the death-machines may loom
above our land.
For they know what is best for us, and we are
weak and frail,
Yet human chains may still hold strong where
iron fences fail;
And the counsels of the men who deal in death for
our defence
May strike and sink upon the rock of English
common sense.

PHILIP KEMP

You call these woollen-hatted women strident –
Perhaps – I'm not an ardent ban-the-bomber;
My trade's not separating Cruise from Trident,
But knowing half a colon from a comma –
And though a gel's horizons could be widened,
One should insist that *some* things be kept from
her –
But – though these Greenham ladies may be
risible –
I'm bound to add that freedom's indivisible.

Was Pope debarred from Windsor's holts and
brakes?
And was Gray's churchyard strictly out of
bounds?
Even dull Wordsworth has his humble lakes
(Of which he does his slow, pedestrian rounds).
The soul of every English freeman aches
For space to meditate or walk his hounds.
And so I give the Tory squires of Newbury
A full-blown rasp . . . – but no! A full-blown
blueberry!

PETER NORMAN

Mock us, gaol us, pass us: but do not quite forget
That we are the women of Britain that never have
spoken yet.

You hate our lumpy layers that keep the cold at
bay,
The wood smoke smell of unwashed hair and the
mud in which we lay.

But most of all you hate our smiles as we circle the
evil womb
That holds the growing horror of the world's
potential tomb.

We dance on the bunkers of terror and sing on a
desolate stage
We are the women of Greenham, no leaders, no
violence, no age.

We'll stay as the darkness gathers, as you follow
on hatred's call
And sing as we try to tell the world that this *is* our
Berlin Wall.

Mock us, gaol us, pass us: but do not quite forget
That we are the women of Britain that never have
spoken yet.

MARGARET DONCASTER

FIRST PERSON

Jeremy Lewis

Clapping too loudly

ONE OF THE MOST tiresome – and, I suspect, largely bogus – clichés of memoirs and novels written in middle age is the notion that the adolescents of 20 and 30 years ago spent all their spare time brooding on sex and ravishing one another behind bushes or in the 1/9 seats of long-defunct but fondly remembered cinemas. Anxious not to give an impression of unmanliness or backwardness to his horribly sophisticated children, the middle-aged writer consoles or deludes himself by conjuring up a steamy teenage world in which pimply youths with barely broken voices unhooked brassieres with the insouciance of bedroom bandits and wrenched open packets of contraceptives with steely self-assurance while the night air was rendered dreadful with the grunts emanating from the back seats of purloined parental Morris Minors.

My own teenage years were a featureless void as far as sex was concerned. By the time I was 15 I was too tall to have fitted sideways into a Morris Minor, let alone a Ford Anglia. My knowledge of contraception was restricted to the school train, on which bolder and coarser boys lit up large cigars and hurled inflated French letters out of the window, while the more sensitive spirits stifled their sobs behind copies of improving literature. Besides, I was far too busy being embarrassed by life to turn my attention to matters of the flesh.

Children – and adolescents in particular – waste a very great deal of time and energy on being embarrassed. Not all children suffer the embarrassment that stems from shyness (childhood is blighted by perky, self-advancing youths, never backward at coming forward with an answer to every question and a quip for all occasions), but most of them are agonised at being made to seem too different from everybody else. I was extremely adept on both fronts.

A large part of my problem was (and is) one of straightforward physical ineptitude, coupled with a natural reluctance to have one's almost certifiable incompetence evoke Bateman-like gasps of horror and indignation among the assembled spectators. How eagerly I strove to merge into the furniture at dances, unworthily averting the gaze of potential partners and seeking to engage old-timers (grizzled figures in their forties) in conversation about the weather or Mr Macmillan rather than venture on to the dance floor, where I was sure to trample my partner's dainty toes with my size 12 brogues and steer her into a table covered with delicacies, bringing it crashing to the ground.

Despite romantic notions to the contrary, children are nature's great conformists: most self-respecting children want to be like everybody else, only more so. They long to look alike, to dress alike, to sound alike; they dread being made to look different from, and less smoothly impressive than, their friends. All would be possible were it not for the unavoidable embarrassment of parents. Children love to boast of their parents' excesses and eccentricities in the abstract, but wince at their manifestation in the flesh. Every summer my sister and I dreaded our parents camping outside our respective school gates at half term instead of staying in AA-approved hotels like everyone else, shaking out sleeping bags and dismantling primus stoves as their more conventional equivalents – the men in business suits, the women in hats – drove past in their Rovers. The shame was intensified by their inviting one's friends to tea in the tent, embarrassment quite obliterating the fact that the visitors enjoyed it a good deal more than sitting in chintz-covered hotel sitting-rooms nibbling triangular sandwiches and discussing cricket scores with a bored stockbroker or an absent-minded Wolverhampton metal merchant.

A persistent source of embarrassment is the parental habit of publicly addressing their children – at whatever age – as though they had only recently stepped out of short trousers: no doubt at this very moment some arthritic pensioner is being made to feel small by a stern-featured octogenarian thundering on about the younger generation. This causes particular anguish in adolescence, when the male offspring at least are struggling to sound sonorous, and to impress their contemporaries with their *savoir faire* and the general bristliness of their chins. How speedily, and how ignominiously, can a reputation for urbanity be blighted by a beaming maternal face!

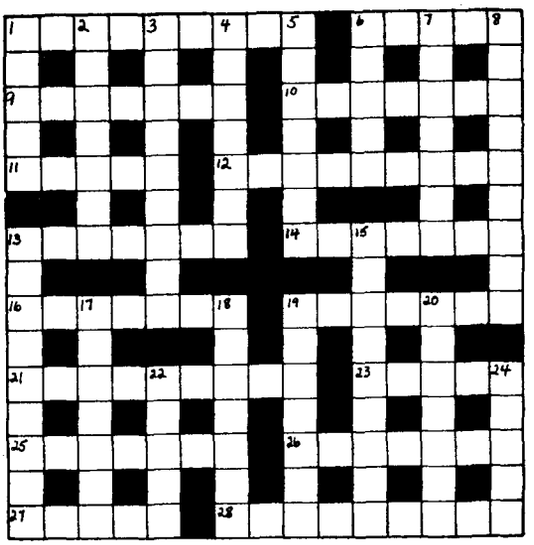
Often the only answer is to pretend to have nothing to do with the offending relation, as when my mother skidded on a dog's mess outside Peter Jones and lay laughing in the gutter, while my sister and I moved primly away and window-shopped as though the unseemly spectacle had nothing to do with us; or when she came to fetch us home from a dance of the dinner-jacketed variety (an evening of unalleviated gloom, during which neither of us had spoken a word except to each other) with a cry of 'I should come home, kiddies, if you're bored!' – so loud that the band stopped playing, all heads swivelled in the direction of the coarse intruder, and my sister and I, puce with shame, feigned animated conversation with the chinless wonders all about.

And now the wheel has come full circle, for our children are beginning to find us embarrassing in our turn. My daughters' lives are haunted by the thought that my wife might collect them from school in her Pirelli slippers. Only last night my firstborn reprimanded me for clapping too loudly at the theatre, thus distracting the audience's attention from the stage to the third row of the stalls. Faced with scorching emotions such as these, how can even the back seat of a Volvo begin to compete? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Weekend Crossword 1399

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1399, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 10 May.



Name_____

Address_____

_____

_____

ACROSS

1. Book a defender after a lot of questions. (9)
6. Remove clothing from inside baggage. (5)
9. Where an oration is broadcast. (7)
10. Paperwork for ring road round European city. (7)
11. A king would make her red. (5)
12. Naval orderly? (9)
13. Avoid writing since they bump into each other. (7)
14. Ballet in which a girl goes after soldiers. (7)
16. Stop with us in a place of royal retirement. (7)
19. Cut up food for a worker. (7)
21. If he lost the game the traveller would have to ruin the company. (5,4)
23. Single-hearted sounds. (5)
25. Fencing or boxing without trouble. (7)
26. Gripping performer on the field. (7)
27. Man who has a limb in back to front. (5)
28. Having lost again, hating to be away from home. (9)

DOWN

1. Demonstrate in favour of the end of fighting. (5)
2. Thrown and so covered in something black. (7)
3. Parson present in river, mountains, and forest. (5,4)
4. Assure nothing is concocted and acts as a stimulant. (7)
5. Cunning bearer of gifts comes without present. (7)
6. A number of tears and drops. (5)
7. There is something boring in a quarrel about time. (7)
8. Queen always found in an unfinished place. (9)
13. Italian masterpiece which could make Rome dance. (9)
15. Spark made by twisting tin in bulb. (9)
17. Playing about but treating a poet with gravity. (7)
18. The weapon got entangled in the middle of the word of command. (7)
19. Surrounded by idiots he makes garments. (7)
20 Breathing heavily with emotion about money. (7)
22. In this door I elected to put a window. (5)
24. Letter which makes one almost put one's name and degree. (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1397

C	O	B	R	A		E	X	A	M	I	N	E	R	S
O		A		D		R		F		N		I		P
N	O	R	T	H	E	A	S	T		D	O	G	M	A
S		G		E		S		E		I		H		I
T	H	E	I	R	S		B	R	I	G	H	T	O	N
A				I		P		E		O		S		
B	R	A	I	N	D	R	A	I	N		M	O	R	E
L		M		G		O		G		B		M		A
E	L	B	A		C	U	P	H	O	L	D	E	R	S
		U		H		D		T		I				T
D	I	S	T	U	R	B	S		A	G	A	R	I	C
A		C		G		O		M		H		E		H
R	E	A	C	H		A	R	I	S	T	O	T	L	E
I		D		E		S		N		E		I		A
C	R	E	O	S	O	T	E	D		D	R	E	A	M

Prizewinners to 1397

Anita Kirkby (Exeter)
Mrs Megan Rees (Lampeter)
N. Toon (Burton-on-Trent)

CLASSIFIED ADS

Phone: 01-251 5487

Deadline for ads – Normally noon Tuesdays for publication on Fridays

Rates **Lineage:** for private 'Lonely Hearts' ads under Personal – £1.60 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.20).
For all other classifications – £1.70 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.40).
First two words automatically bold, further bold words cost 30p each.
Box number service – U.K. £2 per insertion. Overseas £4 per insertion.
Display: £7.30 per single column centimetre (min. 3 s.c.c. – £21.90). **Special rate for charities – £6.30 per s.c.c.** (min. 3 s.c.c. £18.90).
Generous discounts for a series of ads are available. Ring for a quotation

All private ads must be prepaid. Post to: CLASSIFIED DEPT., THE NEW STATESMAN, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.
Telex – 28499.
To reply to a Box, write to Box No. ... at the above address

Appointments

NATIONAL AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT OFFICERS ASSOCIATION

APPOINTMENT OF DEPUTY GENERAL SECRETARY

Applications are invited for the appointment of Deputy General Secretary of NALGO to succeed the present holder of the office on his appointment as General Secretary in November 1983.

The salary is **£23,040** rising by annual increments to **£24,960** per annum (including London Weighting allowance).

The appointment is terminable by not less than three months notice in writing on either side and is superannuable under the NALGO Staff Superannuation Fund rules.

Applicants will be considered on the basis of their suitability for the post regardless of sex, race, marital status or disablement.

Full details and application form available upon request from: The General Secretary, NALGO, 1 Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9AJ. Completed application forms must be received by the General Secretary no later than 18 May 1983.

BIRMINGHAM TRADE UNION RESOURCE CENTRE

Librarian

Birmingham Trade Union Resource Centre is seeking a librarian to work in the centre whilst our permanent librarian is on maternity leave **(May 1983-May 1984).** The successful applicant will have the appropriate skills and experience and a proven commitment to the Trade Union movement.

We are an Equal Opportunities Employer.

For further details and application form contact:

Tricia Davis, Birmingham Trade Union Resource Centre Ltd, Victoria Works, 7 Frederick Street, Birmingham B1 3HE. Tel: 021-236 8323.

Closing date for applications: **Friday 13 May.**

A.T.E.C.

(Alternatives in Technology and Employment Centre)

Is a Voluntary Agency, based in Bradford, involved in community and unemployment initiatives

We require a

DEVELOPMENT WORKER

to concentrate on the areas of education, technology and project management

SALARY £8,000+

Details and application form from:

ATEC, 4 Grove Terrace, Great Horton Road, Bradford 7, West Yorks

We are an equal opportunities employer

Closing date 19 May

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enterprise Plan Worker

c.£13,000

Greater London Enterprise Board is establishing an active and interventionist approach to the economic regeneration of London.

Every enterprise assisted by GLEB will have to prepare an 'enterprise plan'. This plan will enable everyone in the organisation to be involved in planning for the future and to help ensure accountability to the wider community. The plan will cover the major aspects of future development and be jointly agreed by the enterprise, its workforce and GLEB. The concept offers opportunities for an exciting and innovatory development of collective bargaining.

You will be responsible for assisting in the preparation of Enterprise Plans and for ensuring that the workforce is involved as fully as possible in the drawing up and monitoring of the Plans.

We want you to organise a system of planning support, which will facilitate this process. This will involve co-ordinating the various support agencies (including the education services of the TUC and the Trades Unions), and individuals with relevant expertise, in order to provide adequate planning resources for workplace representatives.

Appropriate qualifications (degree or otherwise) together with good experience and a commitment to GLEB's overall objectives is essential.

Applicants should send their detailed CV's to Nick Sharman, Director of Structural Investment Division, Greater London Enterprise Board, 63-67 Newington Causeway, London SE1 6BD.

GLEB is an equal opportunities employer

Greater London Enterprise Board

RESEARCH & INFORMATION OFFICER

The WORLD DEVELOPMENT MOVEMENT, Britain's principal pressure group campaigning for changes in Government and industry's policies towards the poor in the Third World, seeks a **RESEARCH and INFORMATION OFFICER** in its office in London.

Salary will be between **£6,516-£8,413** (to be reviewed 1 May).

For full details and application form, returnable by 16 May, write or phone:

WDM, Bedford Chambers, Covent Garden, London WC2E 8HA (Tel. 01-836 3672).

Cambridge and District Co-operative Development Agency requires a **PART-TIME CO-OPERATIVE DEVELOPMENT WORKER** (about 22 hours per week) to deal with all aspects of development work. Salary £3.17 per hour. Experience of working in a co-operative, business skills and experience of trade-union activities a distinct advantage. Please apply in writing for further details before 6 May to: Cambridge and District Co-operative Development Agency, 25 Gwydir Street, Cambridge, CB1 2LL.

CHINA & YUGOSLAVIA: Writer-researchers needed for new independent travel guide-books. Send details of experience and short sample of writing to: Box 5890.

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

Secretarial

QUALITY typing. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

Removals

GENTLE GHOST
REMOVALS COOPERATIVE
Fast, cheap and reliable
All sizes
01-603 2865
27 Royal Crescent Mews
London W11

Accommodation Wanted

ACADEMIC COUPLE, require London flat or house, last 2 weeks July. London references. Box 5867.

EXTREMELY QUIET, gentle, impecunious scholar, 48, seeks quiet, small (partially?) furnished flat, anywhere; perhaps in exchange for caretaking etc. Write Keller, 5 Blessington Close, SE13.

Political Publications

Marxism Today

Theoretical journal of the Communist Party

Price 75 pence. Published monthly

MAY issue includes

FOCUS: Zimbabwe/Media and new technology/Austerity in France/The Police Bill.

FEATURES:
David Currie: OPEC Over A Barrel.
Chris Pond: Rediscovering poverty.
John Gordon: The Non-aligned Movement.
Phil Lee: Welfare State: the second front opens.
Pat Hudson: The West German elections.

CHANNEL 5:
Interview with BUCHI EMECHETA. Video and Pop. Sir William Walton.

plus reviews, letters and notes

SUBSCRIPTION RATE FOR ONE YEAR:

INLAND:
Individuals £9.00, Institutions £12.00.
OVERSEAS:
Individuals £12.00, Institutions £15.00.
Make cheque/PO payable to:
Central Books,
14 Leathermarket, London SE1 3ER.

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover Street, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

Personal

ANALYTISCH ORIENTIERTE PSYCHOTHERAPIE von Deutscher in London niedergelassener Therapeutin. 01-888 0693.

ANXIOUS ABOUT privacy? Mail received, personal or business, with total confidentiality. £1.50 p.w. *'Answer & Receive', 21 Kensington Park Road,* London W11. 01-229 1888 (you can collect, or we can readdress by arrangement).

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, aged 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, communications, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

BACHELOR 38, professional type, recently moved Bristol, seeks lady friend, similar age. Box 5895.

BLACKPOOL MALE, 5ft 4in, 10st, age 50, with hotel business to run, would like to meet ladv. Box 5897.

BRUNETTE, SENSITIVE, youthful 42, London, seeks single companion (40s), for easy country-walking, lasting friendship. Not advertised before. Box 5884.

COTSWOLDS, DORSET. Male linguist, 59, divorced, hoping to retire to one of above areas. Seeks contact non-smokers: interested gardens, history folklore, opera, food, wine. Box 5845.

CULTURALLY ALIVE, unattractive woman, 48, seeks kind, humorous, intellectual man with car. Box 5877.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £45 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4176.

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

FEMALE, 28, warm, intelligent, attractive, interests literature, theatre, cinema, seeks similar man for lasting relationship. Edinburgh. Box 5893.

FEMALE SEEKS holiday companion, preferably male, 40s-50s, to Greece late May/June. Box 5871.

ISOLATED HOMOSEXUAL women read Sequel Magazine. Reply: B/M Sequel, London WC1N 3XX.

LARGE HOUSE/Nuclear Shelter in rural Wales. Legal, financial participation. Suit sensible woman, independent, disabled type perhaps. Box 5873.

LONELY? Why not join London's Friendliest Singles Club, making new friends of all ages? City Circle. 01-914 2098 (9 a.m.-6 p.m.).

MALE ACADEMIC, divorced, mid-fifties, allegedly personable and even attractive, wants lively lady or woman from thirties upwards for warm relationship and whatever else. Sensitive and incurably romantic but clown to disguise. Competent poet, lover of all arts and beauty, beamed pubs, the sea, dirt, subtlety; robust line in Thatcher abuse but otherwise respect and love women, perhaps overmuch and to my cost. Own flat, car. Bristol area only unless you're irresistible, crazy or must travel. All genuine responses genuinely answered. No faith in this mode of social tinkering but open to persuasion. Box 5866.

MAN, 30, friendly, attractive, O.U. social student, married, seeks interesting lady, similar ilk, for civilised open friendship. Avon. Box 5876.

NORTHERNER, 40, with job/house/car/cat in Bath, interested in poetry, music, cinema, fun etc. needs girl/woman to write/talk/meet with. Box 5894.

NORWEGIAN GRADUATE, m., 29, tall, nice, attractive, seeks female friend. Box 5883.

PIANO TUNER, reliable, North London only unless repairs needed. Denys Parsons MSc. 01-340 4695.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 31, graduate, interests theatre, music, cinema, reading, walking, food, seeks congenial female, 22-40, similar interests for evenings out and in. Merseyside. Box 5896.

SCANDINAVIA'S LEADING correspondence magazine read in 100 countries, £2.50. Penfriends (NS), 45 Sandringham Road, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 3RZ.

SINGLE PARENTS ABROAD in Spain, Corfu, France and Majorca. Holiday brochure: 01-629 3957.

SOUTH LONDON man, 36, 6ft, attractive, gentle, quiet natured, interests include occult knowledge, chess, classical music, seeks woman friend. Box 5875.

TALL, INDEPENDENT and attractive single woman (36), well educated (Ph.D), travelled, strong sense of humour, admitted penchant for slim, sexy academic greybeards (up to 65, not too leftwing), wonders whether an unattached of the species is prepared to take her on. Weekend walks, good food, wine, talk or coffee, croissants and the Sunday papers for a start. London. Box 5892.

THE TYRO (18-30) Club. If you're interested in making new friends and enjoying an active social life, join our new and exciting Singles Club. 01-914 2098 (9 a.m.-6 p.m.).

WARM-HEARTED, LIVELY, attractive, mature, female undergraduate, north London/Herts area, seeks friendship with professional, artistic male, int. in classical music, literature, theatre, travelling, aged 40-50. Box 5872.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED, English teacher, seeks honest lady. Usual interests. Small photo apprec. Box 5885.

36-YEAR-OLD Sagittarian man, seeks spiritually aware lady, with sense of humour, for loving relationship. I am interested in travel, books and music. London area. Box 5889.

CLASSIFIED AD FORM

Private ads under 'Personal' cost £1.60 per 6 words (min. 12 words – £3.20). All other ads £1.70 per 6 words (min. 12 words – £3.40). Box Nos. £2.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Classification required .....

No. of weeks required .....Remittance enclosed.....

Remittance payable to 'New Statesman'. Send to Classified Ads, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU. Deadline – 1st post Tuesdays.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Computer Software

WORLD INFO. A database of information about the modern world for the 48k Spectrum. Wars, potential wars, types of regime, alliances, nuclear weapons and much more. It's a database for Campbell Systems' Masterfile, a sophisticated filing system. £5 for World Info. £15 for Masterfile plus World Info. S.a.e. to WIMSOFT, 20 Brookside Road, Wimborne, Dorset BH21 2BL.

Groups

CO-OPERATIVES are the alternative to corporate capitalism and bureaucratic socialism. The way forward has been shown by the thousands of working people who have formed successful producer co-operatives. The Co-operative Information Services Group supports this movement and argues the case for a general extension of co-operative ownership and organisation. We also support the development of self-help co-operatives in the fields of housing, health and welfare. Find out more. Write for free information to the Secretary, CISG, c/o 67 Glenkerry House, Burcham St, London E14.

Holidays/Travel

HOSPITALITY & COMFORT Welsh Hills. Dinner, B&B, £60 p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw, Gwynedd LL27 0QA. Tel: (0492) 640 379.

LONG DISTANCE flights with substantial savings. Tel: 01-388 4041 for 24 hour service.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 10 Barleymow Passage, London W4. 01-747 3108.

WARM LUXURY cottage on beautiful, organic farm. Low prices NS readers. Broadway (0386) 853320.

MOSCOW £165, KIEV £155: 28 May-7 June
MOSCOW £180, KIEV £170: 30 July-9 Aug., 13-23 Aug.
By SLEEPER EXPRESS, Budapest/Moscow
FULL BOARD & SIGHT-SEEING INCLUDED
SPECIAL REDUCTIONS FOR GROUPS OF SIX
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269

VENICE, VERONA, LAKE GARDA 28 May-6 June, 4-13 Sept. £135
Staying at Tignale sul Garda
Hotel supplies all breakfasts and dinners
INCLUDES Touring programme
SPECIAL REDUCTIONS FOR GROUPS OF SIX
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269

LENINGRAD/MURMANSK BY TRAIN 13-25 August £195
Meet the reindeer herdsmen, see the midnight sun, on a 6,000-mile run by comfortable sleeper train
REDUCTIONS FOR GROUPS OF SIX
FULL BOARD AT ALL HOTELS
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

PEKING 11 June-7 July.....£550
£540 for husband and wife
VIA MOSCOW (2 DAYS) and TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY
Eight days in PEKING with full board and programme
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

TILBURY/LENINGRAD CRUISE.....£275
INCLUDES TWO DAYS IN LENINGRAD HOTEL
14-27 AUGUST OUTSIDE CABINS
En route calls: Copenhagen, Stockholm, Oslo
FULL BOARD THROUGHOUT
REDUCTIONS FOR GROUPS OF FOUR
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

ZAKOPANE & KRAKOW, 31 July-10 August.....£180
Superb scenery in the TATRA MOUNTAINS
FULL BOARD AT HOTEL
INCLUDES fine sightseeing programme
REDUCTIONS FOR GROUPS OF FOUR
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

LISTINGS

FRI 29 APR

MANCHESTER 'Unemployment and Labour's plan for jobs'. Spkrs Gerald Kaufman MP & Frances Done. 8pm Withington Town Hall, Lapwing Lane, West Didsbury. **Org Withington CLP.**

LONDON Open meeting on Health for Women. 7pm County Hall, York Road, SE1. Creche. Sign language interpretation. **Org GLC Women's Committee. Details: Helen Hewland 01-633 1113.**

SAT 30 APR

LIVERPOOL 'Peace and Jobs': Conference. 11-4pm Friends Meeting house, 65 Paradise Street, Liverpool. **Org People's Campaign for Jobs and Peace.**

LONDON Orchestre Jazira in concert for El Salvador. 8pm London School of Economics, Houghton Street, WC2. £2.50/£2 unwaged/£3 on the door. **Org LSE El Salvador Society. Details: 01-359 2270.**

LONDON 'Socialist Alternatives for Post-School Education': Conference. Spkrs Janet Finch, Phillip Whitehead MP, Caroline Benn, John Fisher, Mike Rustin, Royden Harrison. 10.00-4.30pm ULU, Malet Street, WC1. **Details: Campaign for Higher Education 01-519 4910.**

POPLAR New Worker International May Day Celebration. Films, videos, folk groups, revolutionary singers, political rally, play. Bookstalls & refreshments. 2-11pm Poplar Civic Hall, Bow Road, E3. Adm £1/students, OAPs 50p. **Org New Worker newspaper.**

FINCHLEY Labour Week 30 Apr-7 May. Week of social & political events all over the constituency. **Org Finchley CLP. Details: Frances Crook (day) 01-836 5621, Richard Thompson (eves) 01-444 6046, Roger Matthews (eves) 01-444 6245.**

SUN 1 MAY

RHONDDA 1983 Arthur Horner lecture 'Marxism and history'. Spkr Prof. John Saville. 8pm Mardy Hall, Rhondda. **Org LLAFUR/Mardy NUM Lodge. Details: Neil Evans 0766-780363.**

LONDON May Day Peace Festival. 12-7pm Victoria Park, Hackney. **Org GLC. Details Ken Hulme 01-633 7060.**

LONDON Controlled Market Economy vs Abolition of the Wages System. May Day public debate between Paul Hirst (Univ. of London) & E. Hardy (SPGB). 8pm Prince Albert Pub, Wharfdale Road, Kings Cross, N1. Adm free. All welcome. **Org Socialist Party of Great Britain.**

LONDON Mapam May Day Celebrations. All invited to join March under Mapam banner. Assemble 12.30pm outside Tower Hill tube (cnr Trinity Place). Evg mtg: 'Has the Left got a future in Britain?' Spkr Sam Aaronowitz. 8pm 37 Broadhurst Gardens, NW6. **Org Mapam 01-328 2554.**

LEEDS Pavilion feminist photography centre opens. Photographic work still welcomed for open submission show on feminism and photography. Deadline for entries 30 May. Entries (with SAE) to 2 Chestnut Avenue, Leeds 6. **0532-787987.**

MON 2 MAY

EDINBURGH 2nd Women Live in Scotland Festival 2-28 May. Theatre, music, dance, mime, audio-visual presentation & readings with events at lunchtime (1.15), main-time (7.30/8pm), & late-night (10.30/11pm). Centred at Netherbow Arts Centre. Festival also incl women's arts & crafts centred at Belford Church Arts Centre, Belford Road. **Details Netherbow programme: Annie Reddick 031-343 1726; art/craft exhibitions: Debbie Ball 031-447 5900.**

BIRMINGHAM May Day Festival for Peace and Jobs. 12.30 March from Handsworth Park. 2pm Festival at Digbeth Civic Hall. Adm £1/50 unwaged/25p children. **Org Birmingham May Day Committee: 021-236 8323.**

BIRMINGHAM May Day Rock for Peace and Jobs. 8pm Digbeth Civic Hall. Adm £2/£1 unwaged. **Org. Birmingham May Day Committee: 021-236 8323.**

TUES 3 MAY

GLASGOW Palestinian Cultural Evening. 7pm Queen Margaret Union. **Org West of Scotland Friends of Palestine. Details: 041-942 8804.**

EAST FINCHLEY 'The Galaxy's Guide to Survival' – the facts and folly of the nuclear arms race. Presented by Fall-out Theatre. 7.30pm Methodist Church Hall, High Road, N12. Adm free. All welcome. **Org East Finchley CND/CRS London Region 01-555 7313.**

THURS 5 MAY

MUSWELL HILL John Cox (CND vice-chair) speaks on NATO. 8pm West Room, Tetherdown Hall, Tetherdown, N10. Adm free. **Org Muswell Hill CND. Contact: S. Neuling 01-883 6511.**

LONDON 'The Right to Work or a Shorter Working Week?' Discn on fighting unemployment introduced by Mike Rustin (Socialist Society) & Anne Phillips (CSE Sex & Class Group). 8pm The Wheatsheaf, Rathbone Place, WC1. **Org Conference of Socialist Economists.**

FORTHCOMING

6-8 MAY Reading. Women for Peace: weekend workshop. **Org Reading CND, PO Box 158, Reading, Berks (SAE please). 0734-61361.**

7-8 MAY London 'Socialists and the Mass Media' weekend conf. Caxton House, St John's Way, N19 (Archway tube). Adm free. All welcome. **Org Socialist Party of Great Britain 01-622 3811.**

7 MAY London 'Britain out of Ireland' and 'Self-determination for the Irish people' demo. Spkrs. Assemble 1pm Speakers Corner, Hyde Park. **Donations & enquiries: May 7th Committee, PO Box 353, London NW5 4NH.**

7 MAY Bristol Non-violent direct action training day for Upper Heyford June 2nd blockade (mixed). 9.30am-4pm Friends Meeting House, River Street, Bristol 2. **Details: Bristol 662579.**

7 MAY Sheffield National conf on alternative models of TV news. Day conf. Beaver Hill Campus, Handsworth Grange Road. Adm £2.50 waged/£1 unwaged. **Org Sheffield TV Group. Details: 0742-748894 or 0742-453660.**

7 MAY Brockwell Park. Youth CND Festival. **Org CND 01-263 0977.**

8 MAY Liverpool People's March for Jobs '83 Benefit Concert. Au Pairs, local band. 8pm Warehouse, Fleet Street, Liverpool. **Org People's Campaign for Jobs and Peace.**

9-14 MAY Berlin. Second European Nuclear Disarmament Convention. **Contact Russell Foundation, Gamble Street, Nottingham 0602-784504.**

11 MAY London Nuclear-free Defence. Open forum with Frank Allaun, Pat Arrowsmith, Joan Maynard, Ann Pettit, Peter Tatchell, David Widgery. 6.30pm Gregory House, Mecklenburgh Square, WC1. **Org Heretic Books 01-800 5861.**

12 MAY London 'Poland now'. Meeting. Polish lawyers and journalists discuss the current state of martial law in Poland. 6pm House of Commons Committee Room (in name of Phillip Whitehead MP). Refreshments avail. **Org British Amnesty Lawyers' Group. Details: 01-836 5621.**

13 MAY Oxford Levellers Day '83 8-10pm Church House and Yard, Burford. £1.50 (until May Day)/£2 (after May Day). **Org WEA Oxford Industrial Branch. Details: 0865-721277.**

13-21 MAY London Ealing Peace Week. Theme: Jobs not bombs. **Details: David Bays 01-992 0287 (h)/01-235 1200 x 252 (w).**

14 MAY London Day conf 10-4pm, film, spkrs, general election briefing; Adm £4/students £2. **Org Medical Association for Prevention of War. Details: Dr S. V. Hodgson, 40 Onslow Gardens, N10.**

14 MAY Oxford Conference: New thinking on employment. Ruskin College. **Org SERA/Socialist Society. Details: 01-439 3749.**

14 MAY Rhondda Festival for Peace. Starts 2pm Penrhys Community Centre. **Org Rhondda CND. Details: Jill Evans 0443-434232.**

21 MAY Manchester More jobs without nuclear power. North West Regional Conf. Spkrs Colin Barnett, Jean Emery, Jonathon Porritt, Colin Sweet, Ken Ternant, Stan Thorne MP. 10-4pm County Hall, Piccadilly. Adm £1.50 waged/50p unwaged. Creche (if booked). **Details: Mike Franks 061-225 5328.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Theatres

APOLLO VICTORIA. 01-828 8665. Evgs 7.30 Sat Mat 2.30.
MUST END 7 MAY
WAYNE SLEEP
'The most exciting dancer in the world' with his record-breaking show –
DASH
'Outrageously funny' D. Tel.
Save £4 on a family 4-seater package of 2 adults & 2 children on Sat Mats. (selected seats only)
Group sales 01-379 6061. Party bkgs 01-828 6188.
TICKETS AVAILABLE AT DOORS
'Dash to it' D. Express.

Mon. 16 May for 19 Perfs
(No Perf 23, 30 May) Evgs 8 p.m.
LIZA MINNELLI
cc 01-834 6177

TOPOL
in
FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
Opens 28 June for 96 Perfs Only
01-834 6177

BARBICAN THEATRE. 01-628 8795, cc 01-638 8891. 24 hour info. 01-628 2295. Few day seats £4 from 10 a.m.
ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
'MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING' to 12 May "a glorious feather in the RSC's cap" D. Mail. 'THE TAMING OF THE SHREW' 13-17 May "The RSC has a success to be proud of" D. Tel. THE PIT – a few seats avail. 'THE BODY' new play by Nick Darke, 29-30 April, 20-21 May.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Lorenzaccio', 'The Rivals', 'Guys and Dolls'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'The Trojan War will not take Place'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'Small Change', 'The Beggar's Opera', 'Kick for Touch'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, EC1. 01-278 8916 (5 lines) CC. Group sales 01-379 6061. The Wells' Stagecoach. Phone B.O. for details.
29 & 30 April eves 7.30 last two perfs SANKAY JUKU. From 10 May eves 7.30 CARACALLA DANCE.
SPRING INTO DANCE. Phone 01-278 0855 (24 hours) for details of amazing cheap ticket offers!

THEATRE GOERS please note: cc – Credit cards; S – Student standby.

Meetings

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE. Sunday talks on eastern thought and spirituality in London and Bourne End. All welcome. Vedanta magazine 50p. Details: Tel. 06285 26464.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sunday 1 May 8 p.m. 'Buddhas of Compassion'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

German Historical Institute, London
Tuesday, 3 May
Prof. Dr. Volker Berghahn (Warwick)
French and German Heavy Industry and the origins of the European Coal and Steel Community
17 Bloomsbury Square
London WC1A 2LP
Tea from 4.30 p.m.
Seminar starts at 5 p.m.

Conferences

MAKING JOBS: a conference to launch The North London Product and Employment Development Network. Saturday 14 May 1983, 10.30 a.m.-4.30 p.m. at: Polytechnic North London, Prince of Wales Road, London, NW5. Cost: £3, unwaged 50p. Enquiries: C.A.I.T.S., P.N.L., Holloway Road, London N7. Tel: 01-607 7079.

DON'T BE BLINDED BY TRIVIA
Come to MEDIA IN THE 80s

Sat. & Sun., 7 & 8 May, Goldsmiths College Student Union, Lewisham Way, London SE14.

Sessions/workshops on: TV, Press, Freedom of Information, etc.

Speakers: **James Curran, Patricia Hewitt, John Pilger, Anna Coote, Frank Allaun, Harriet Harman, Gus MacDonald, Roy Lockett, Jake Ecclestone, Sandra Horne, John Mitchell, George Jerrom, Denis MacShane, Gerry Gillman, Chris Price.**

Sat. Eve. Benefit – *Alternative Comedians:* **Ben Elton, French & Saunders, Andy de la Tour, Jenny Lecoat, Simon Fanshawe.**

Sat. 10-5.30 £3, unwaged £1. Sat. eve. only 7.30-midnight £3, unwaged £1.50. Sat. day & eve. £5, unwaged £2. Creche both day times (not 1-2).

Tickets: Campaign for Press & Broadcasting Freedom, 9 Poland Street, London W1 3DG. 01-437 2795.

Exhibition

'DRAWN FROM LIFE' an exhibition of drawings by refugee children from El Salvador. Dixon Gallery Foyer, Institute of Education, Bedford Way, London WC1. 29 April-12 May 9.30-4.30 (Sat. until noon. Closed Suns). Admission free. Organised by El Salvador Committee for Human Rights. 01-359 1836.

Book Fair

HAMPSTEAD BOOK FAIR (Secondhand and Antiquarian) Sun. 1 May 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Old Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, London NW3 (opp. Belsize Park Stn).

Courses

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE
Offers a wide range of courses during 1983 in a most attractive Florentine setting. There are courses in the Italian language at all levels, the Italian Renaissance and Drawing. Magnificent library and study facilities. Accommodation arranged if required. Full details are contained in our 1983 prospectus available from
David Rundle, The Director
British Insitute
Lungarno Guicciardini 9, FLORENCE
Tel: 010-39 55 284 031

LEARN GERMAN IN GERMANY
IN A TEACHERS COOP
-small and effective language classes-
-political and cultural meetings-
-informal and friendly atmosphere-
ZENTRUM FÜR DEUTSCHE
SPRACHE UND KULTUR E.V.
Sandweg 113, 6000 Frankfurt / M.
Tel. 0611-497433

FABIAN SOCIETY
seminar on
NON-NUCLEAR DEFENCE STRATEGY
Saturday 14 May
10.30 - 5 p.m.
Council Chamber
Camden Town Hall
Euston Road, NW1

Robin Cook, Denzil Davies, Bill Niven, Gwyn Prins, Dan Smith, Uwe Stehr
What sort of defence strategy should be adopted in a non-nuclear Britain? Book now. £3 or £2 for Society members. Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. Tel. 01-222 8877.

JOIN THE FABIAN SOCIETY
Send now for details to:
Ian Martin
General Secretary
Fabian Society
11 Dartmouth Street
London SW1H 9BN

Name.....
.....
.....
.....Nst

Publications

BOOKS (new, secondhand, English, Foreign), magazines, records. Refreshments while you browse, 11-7 daily including Sundays. Book-world, Islington Green. Quote this ad for 10%.

COLLECTIVE HOUSING HANDBOOK – all the information for founding and running a Housing Co-operative – legal, tax, financial, internal co-operative structures, appendices. Bookshops £3.50 or Laurieston Hall Publications, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbrightshire. £3.90.

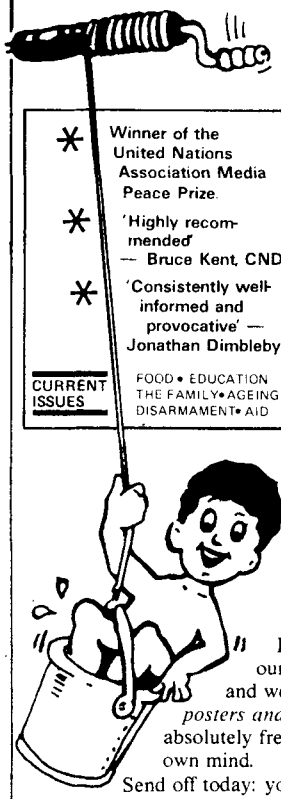
EASTERN EUROPE catalogues available. A.C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, TW2 5AH.

GLOBAL ALTERNATIVE ADDRESS LIST of over 3,500 groups worldwide. Indispensable for radical research! £8 incl. postage from THE RADICAL ENGLISH MOVEMENT, 14 New Road, Hebden Bridge, HX7 8AD

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

Political Publication

NEW Internationalist
THE PEOPLE — THE IDEAS — THE ACTION
IN THE FIGHT FOR WORLD DEVELOPMENT



- Winner of the United Nations Association Media Peace Prize.
- 'Highly recommended' — Bruce Kent, CND.
- 'Consistently well-informed and provocative' — Jonathan Dimbleby.

CURRENT ISSUES: FOOD • EDUCATION THE FAMILY • AGEING DISARMAMENT • AID

Draw on some fresh inspiration. Read the New Internationalist – twelve monthly issues of hard information and convincing argument **for just £11.70 a year.** Each New Internationalist strips one subject down to the bare essentials and rebuilds it before your eyes. Exactly what is Marxism or monetarism? We explain precisely. Articles, diagrams, cartoons, posters; all add up to a clear and vivid presentation that will put you squarely in the picture.

3 months' issues FREE!

We know you'll enjoy reading the New Internationalist, but you don't have to take our word for it. Just fill in the coupon below and we'll send you the next three issues, *plus two posters and a special pack of Tanzanian coffee* – all absolutely free. Then you can make up your own mind.

POSTERS AND COFFEE

Send off today: you don't even need a stamp to:
New Internationalist, FREEPOST London SW8 4BR

New Internationalist, FREEPOST, London SW8 4BR
Please send me, without obligation, my free copies of the next3 issues of the New Internationalist *plus the two posters and coffee.* **If I do not wish to continue after the three monthly issues I will write and let you know** *within 10 days of receiving my third issue* **and will not owe you a penny. If I do wish to continue I need do nothing. You will send the Bankers Order to my bank and continue to send me the New Internationalist. Name and address of your Bank in BLOCK LETTERS please.**

To .....

.....

Please pay to Cooperative Bank Ltd., London 08-03-08 the sum of £11.70 on *receipt* **and annually thereafter until cancelled, for the account of New Internationalist (A/C 70040935), and debit my/our account accordingly.**
Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS please

Mr Ms .....

.....

Signature ..... Date .....

New Internationalist Publications Ltd. Reg. in England No. 1005239 Reg. Office 42 Hythe Bridge Street, Oxford OX1 2EP, UK.
Offer valid in UK and for Bankers Order only. NS2

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed by QB Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 14/16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED